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THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.*

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Silent forces are mightiest. Spiritual, moral, social, political changes are wrought for the most part by hidden energies. Spasms, convulsions, sudden revolutions, come not of the regular action of the forces, but from interruptions, diversions, and obstructions. In nature, the life-force, the growth-force, the health-force, are quiet in operation, but stupendous in results. Fibre and bark, trunk and limb, sinew and nerve, muscle and bone, are built up without display and noise. Disorder, disease, entail deformity, weakness, agony, and cries; but the life-product is symmetry, beauty, strength.

As in the body-physical, so in the body-social and the body-political, what is least observed is generally the most important and effective. "The things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Before the world, in the open gaze of mankind we have in the closing years of the century the most interesting political development and most impressive and instructive national lesson of human history. That armies should march forth from the capital of a warlike race, subdue peoples and enlarge kingdoms, is not wonderful; it has often been done. That ships should go by the way of the seas, found cities, extend trade, and enrich the parent state, is not wonderful; it has often been done. That devastating and fanatical hordes should demolish national ramparts, overturn thrones and dynasties, and agglomerate tribes and tongues in a barbaric and tyrannic civilization, is not wonderful; for it has often been done. Aggression and blood, power and conquest, have in all ages been the delight of millions of men. Broad domains are laid under tribute, and the sword cleaves the warrior's way to the crown.

But that in little isles of the sea, far remote from the original seats of men, beyond the boundaries of vast empires, there should grow up through the centuries a system of government, not of terror and force, not of standing army and imperial decree, but of law and administration, of parliament and court, is indeed a study, a wonder. That not the will of the monarch, but the voice of the people, should be supreme; that, indeed, the voice of the people should be the will of the monarch; and that it should

* The cut we use as frontispiece is by kind permission of the publisher borrowed from the "Kings and Queens of England." This little book gives an admirable résumé of the history of England in a rhyme, thus enabling the reader to remember with ease the succession and characteristics of the British Sovereigns. It is copiously illustrated and a very attractive little book.

be the chief joy and glory of the monarch to learn and enforce the voice of the people, here is something new under the sun, revealing a new time, and ushering in a new age.

Considering the run of human history, it is indeed a wonder the people should have a voice, a united voice, and that they should have organic life enough to utter it. That this insular British nation, itself composed of various tribes and tongues, shut in by itself, should, through the centuries, advance from step to step in the problems of self-government, till the question is solved in liberty and progress on the one side, and security and stability on the other, and honour and happiness on both, is a marvellous benediction under divine providence, and an object lesson to mankind.

The throne of Egbert and Alfred was Saxon, and popular; the throne of William the Conqueror and Richard the Lion-hearted was French, and absolute. Whatever other nations are doing, the British people are building constitution, institution and law. They are fixing the limitations of regal power and extending and settling the rights of the people. They are evolving parliaments from primal germs of freedom, and expanding courts from the healthful stock of sovereign grace and power.

Sometimes it was compulsory grace, of course; but benefactions, charters, and privileges came down from the Crown, as well as that right and claim and power rose up from the ranks of the commonalty. "Mercy and truth met together; righteousness and peace kissed each other." It may have been after battles on bloody fields, and after sharp contests in determined parliaments; but with the advance of the generations the liberties of the people grew, and the prerogatives of the Crown were further and further defined.

John was waked up by an early note at Runnymede, and the Henries and Edwards, the Plantagenets and Tudors, heard the call, shrill, well-sustained and clear, as the morning brightened into day. The Stuarts strove to stifle its clarion shout, defied its warning, denied its summons, and went down under the forces it rallied for national progress and popular right. Charles, with the loss of his head, and James, with the loss of his kingdom and crown, were possibly lessons enough for absolutism in Britain. Ecclesiastical aggression and exaction received their rebuke and chastisement, as well as proud assumptions of royal prerogative.

The British people vastly prefer a monarchy, but they will have only a monarchy with its constitutional limitations. The British people are true to religion and to the Church of God; but they will not have a Church ruled from foreign parts, intermeddling in national affairs, and receiving its dictates and offices from alien potentates. A Crown with the people and for the people, and a Church from God among the people, are about the British ideas, and in them is the vitality of national regeneration.

William the Conqueror brought in a continental, absolute monarchy, and planted it solid. William of Orange, again a continentalist, brought in a limited constitutional monarchy, a parliamentary monarchy into which the centuries had ripened and mellowed. This was the precious heritage of our noble Queen Victoria. After the instructive career of the Georges and another William, it was there to mar or to magnify. What was required was a ruler that would give constitutional, parliamentary government

fair and full swing; that would learn how to check it in; where to allow ease, and when to prompt energy of action. Such a ruler has the nation found in Queen Victoria. God bless the Queen.

Edward III. reigned from 1327 to 1377, fifty years. George III. reigned from 1760 to 1820, sixty years. Queen Victoria enters upon her 61st year on the 20th day of next June. 1837 to 1897! Two generations of men! What a segment of British history! In the providence of God, a golden segment with glittering diamonds set! The mind is overwhelmed in the contemplation of the national growth and progress of these sixty years. All the chronicles of all the nations record nothing else equal to it. There has been removal of many ills and ancient disabilities, and the attainment and enjoyment of innumerable advantages and improvements.

The shades of old barbarisms disappear, and brighter civilizations set the skin all aglow, and flash upward to the zenith. Science, art, literature, philosophy, government, commerce, and colonization blend their rays in the common effulgence. A broadening and liberalized imperial policy, humanity, philanthropy, and religion shine forth with increasing radiance and strength, like the sun in the firmament. To every department of human life faithful men and true women have consecrated their service, and physically, morally, and intellectually ennobled the human race, and given the family of man a new meaning and a hitherto undiscovered power. Liberty is the mother of genius and nourishes the universal mind. Names immortal, in army and navy, in parliament and court, in Church and school, in counting-house and factory, in commercial enterprise, and ambitious exploration, in industrial development and scientific pursuit, all contribute to make this reign the most illustrious of our history, shining clearest in a firmament of glories. And in her sovereignty, revered of all, brightest star is Britain's Queen.

In this paper, viewing her mainly as a constitutional monarch, let us observe how her every power has been devoted to the well-being of her people. It is not that Queen Victoria did it all, achieved all the successes and merits all the praises; but it is that she always had encouragement for the worthy and the good, and always checks and repression for the wrong and the evil.

She was raised up of God for a great life-work, and a great life-work has she accomplished. The innocence, purity, and filial affection of her childhood and girlhood are a quiet, impressive pattern for every young lady under her jewelled sceptre's sway. That she had a mind of her own from the beginning is proved by her preference for Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, and the inability of Wellington and Peel to form a ministry because of her unwillingness to change the ladies of her household. Her marriage with the Prince Consort involved constitutional questions of much delicacy, and implied relationships of so tender susceptibility, that nothing less than her noble husband's wisdom and prudence, and her own fidelity to the people and to genuine British interests, could have borne them through the perplexities of the situation. Above all, and more than all, her life and example as wife and mother won and kept the loyalty and love of all British peoples in the world.

Is it asked, Why is the British throne so stable? It is because the British crown is so faithfully and grandly worn. From her

girlhood she has reigned for the girls of the kingdom; a mother with sons, she has ruled for the boys. One of the united head of a family, she has seen her people, in the goodness of God, set in families; the mistress in a home, she has realized that the pure home is the strength of the State; a leader in society, she has felt that society must be incorrupt and incorruptible, and has done her best to make and keep it so. Her standards have been high, and they have been well enforced.

The Queen is a lover of parliamentary constitutional government, and for long years has been well equipped in all knowledge and experience concerning it. There can be no doubt she is now as well informed in political matters as her Ministers of State, and in all international concerns she is fully abreast of the times, and manifests the keenest interest. Her influence has more than once preserved the peace of Europe, and perpetually fosters the spirit of amity among the nations. From her many years of felicitous government, and the many branches of her family, she has become a sort of Queen-mother among the royal houses of the Continent, and kinship is often a power in the palace as well as in the cot.

Her reign has well shown how much the character of the sovereign has to do with imperial expansion and national power. Britons all around the world are proud to say "Our Queen." Cicero said character, moral worth has much to do in making the orator; it certainly has much to do in making the successful ruler. Despite all speculations and theories, intelligent humanity respects moral worth. Despite all counterblasts and countercurrents, the hearts of men from the ends of the earth are drawn to the obedient daughter, the faithful wife, the noble mother, the splendid woman, and we have all these in our most gracious Queen Victoria.

Aye, more, far more. The very sorrows that have pierced her heart, in the way of their bearing, with strong tides of sympathy and love, have made her one with her people in all quarters of the globe. Her widowhood in the death of Albert the Good, and her stricken motherhood in the death of children and grandchildren beloved, have united royal palace, stately mansion, and humble home in purest affection in every land under the folds of Britain's flag.

It is easy in some circumstances to be loyal. In our circumstances it would argue a base and ungrateful nature to be disloyal, to be regardless of affection and duty to crown and throne. The silent forces proceeding from the life and character of Queen Victoria make mightily for imperial unity. A tyrant enthroned would drive us asunder. It has occurred in the past, and would be repeated. But a careful, discreet, intelligent, loving, earnest, constitutional sovereign, forever studying the welfare of the millions under her sway, ever devoting her best thoughts, and warmest love for their good, ever uniting in herself the strong bands of daughter, wife and mother, and these of the highest type known to the race, ever herself a glorious example of respect for authority and law, a pattern of a pure morality and a generous religion, must attract to a common centre, to the heart of the mother land the colonies of kindred sentiment and liberty, kindred race, institution and law. While sinister forces from without may in a way compel us to seek the strength, wealth and peace of a united empire, happily energies from within lend effectually to the same glorious consummation.

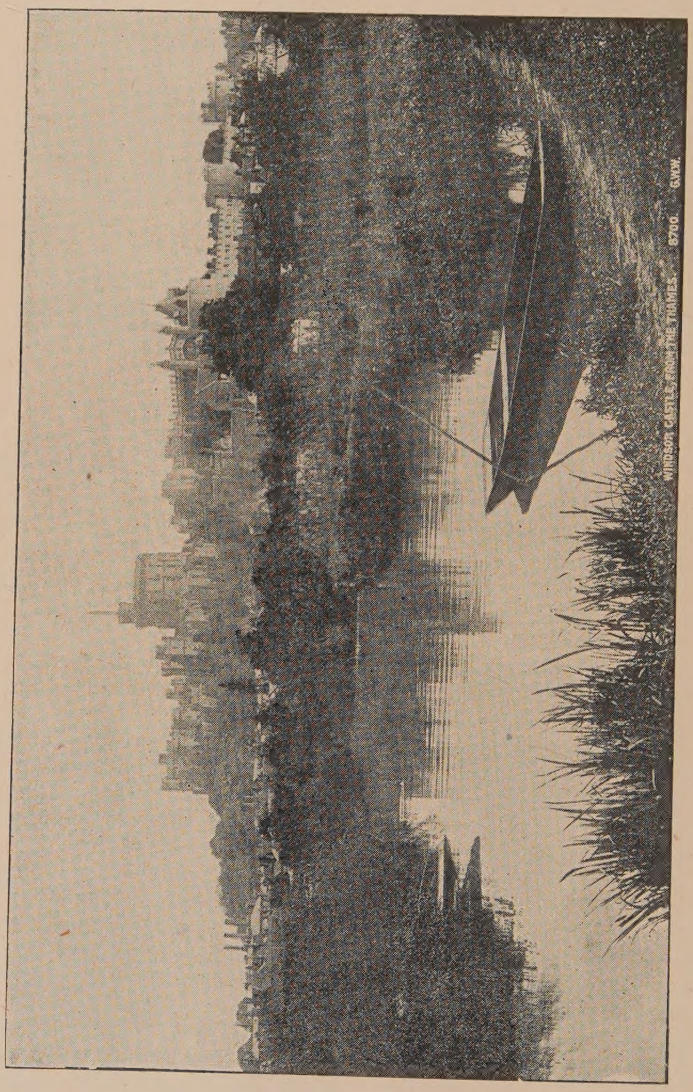
THE ROYAL PALACE OF WINDSOR.

EAST TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

One of the most delightful excursions from London is that to Windsor. When weary of the rush and the roar, the fog and the smoke of the great city, a half-hour's ride will take one through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery of England to the quiet and ancient royal borough, where everything speaks only of the past. When the sun does shine in England, it lights up a landscape of richest luxuriance and most vivid verdure. Nowhere have I seen such magnificent oaks and elms, such stately beeches and chestnuts, as in Windsor and Bushy Parks; nor such soft, springy, velvet-looking lawns. "However can I get such a lovely lawn as you have?" said an American lady to an Oxford Fellow. "Nothing is easier, madam," he replied; "you have only to roll it and mow it for a couple of hundred years."

Before one enters on the rural paradise that surrounds London, he must pass through a dreary region of hideous deformity. For some distance the railway passes on a viaduct over the suburban streets. Anything more ugly than the hundreds of acres of blackened chimney-pots and red-tiled roofs and narrow alleys and crowded dwellings of London's poor, in the manufacturing district on the south of the Thames, it would be hard to conceive. But soon we emerge from this Arabia Petraea of London's stony streets to the Arabia Felix of her engirdling parks and villas and hedgerows and gardens. Soon the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle, one of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world, come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, and banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross banner

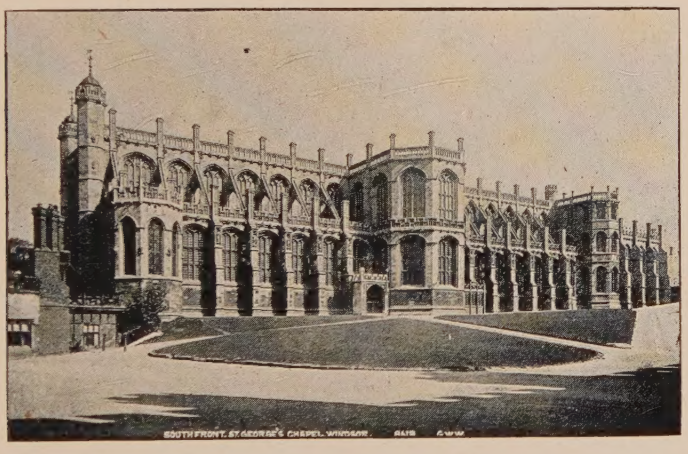
which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, say the antiquarians, the name Windleshore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty castle growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as this round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE THAMES.

"It is a fair sight to see. Right regally does it crown the summit of the beautiful hill. Proudly its towers and turrets stand out against the blue sky. Peacefully floats the royal standard over dome and battlement. What stirring scenes it

brings to mind! What grand pageants in the days of old! How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting-lodge in these wild woods, and since he laid the foundation of that grand old donjon, from the top of which is unfurled to-day the same noble flag that flaunted in the breeze high above its battlements eight hundred years ago! The sons of William contributed their share to its enlargement. All the Henrys, Edwards, Jameses, Charleses and Georges added their contingents. Here kings and queens of England were born, married and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry haloes this high place of



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SOUTH FRONT.

kinghood and knighthood. Its walls register the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, the slow transformation of religious and political institutions, the gradual growth of the British Constitution, and the rights and recognitions it brought with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James II., and Charles I., and Cromwell, not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead."

One enters first through a frowning gateway in a massive tower into an irregular quadrangle, flanked by the lovely Gothic St. George's Chapel, and the Dean's Close—a delightfully quiet and sequestered group of buildings with timbered walls in the old English style—and a long range of "knights' apartments." The chapel dates from 1474. In the chancel are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter emblazoned with their arms, and overhead hang their dusty banners. Adjoining the chapel is the royal mausoleum, in which, surrounded by the splendours of their palace home, repose the remains of Henry VI., Edward I., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., and other royal personages—a perpetual reminder that "sic transit gloria mundi." The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made this chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort.

The Upper Ward is a large and rather gloomy quadrangle, entered through a Norman gateway, surrounded by the state chambers and the Queen's private apartments. The former only may be seen. Visitors are conducted in groups by an attendant. Our

guide pointed out the room in which Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, died, and said that he, the speaker, had helped him from the dining-room where he was stricken with his mortal illness.

We are led in succession through the Queen's audience chamber, and presence chamber, and guard chamber, and many another, filled with elegant tapestries and the like. St. George's Hall, in which state banquets are held, is 200 feet long, and is gay with the gold and gules and azure of royal and knightly arms. The Vandyck room is rich in royal portraits, that almost speak, by that great painter. The noble terraces —one is a third of a mile long— command lovely views of the royal gardens and park—rich in flowers, fountains, statuary, and stately trees. Herne's famous oak, celebrated in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," a few years ago blew down, but the Queen planted another in its place.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as a castle palace, then as a prison—here James I. of Scotland was confined. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said, into twelve counties. At the base is the deep moat, once filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers. Like a map beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park, and the Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright September sunlight it was a grand symphony in green and gold.

LONG WALK, WINDSOR CASTLE, LOOKING NORTH.

Our friend, Mr. Canniff Haight, had the good fortune to be present at Windsor when the Queen reviewed the troops in honour of the Shah of Persia. He thus describes his visit in his admirable volume, "Here and There in the Home Land," to which we are indebted for the cuts which illustrate this article :

However agreeable it would be to linger around this grand old castleburg, we must turn from it, and join the vast multitudes that are surging into the park. Thousands upon thousands of people of

all ranks and conditions are pressing their way on foot, other thousands are hurrying on to the same point in all kinds of vehicles, from the humble cart to the stately carriage and four. The tide of human beings, perhaps at its ebb when we reached the town, had been flowing into the park since early in the morning.

Gaining a position slightly elevated, we secured for ourselves probably as good a view of this magnificent old park as could be had. I wish I were able to convey an adequate conception of the splendid scene spread out before us. The extensive lawns, the broad and far-reaching avenues, the magnificent trees rising in ramparts of deep foliage, embracing in themselves all that is beautiful in landscape, and presenting to the beholder one of the fairest pictures of nature the eye can look upon.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised;
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
When order in variety we see,
And when, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day."

But when you fill in this picture with more than a hundred thousand people, you have a combination beyond the ken of the painter's brush. Along the great lawn or square, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads crowd up to the barriers in the form of a semicircle, many of whom have been standing along the line since early in the morning.

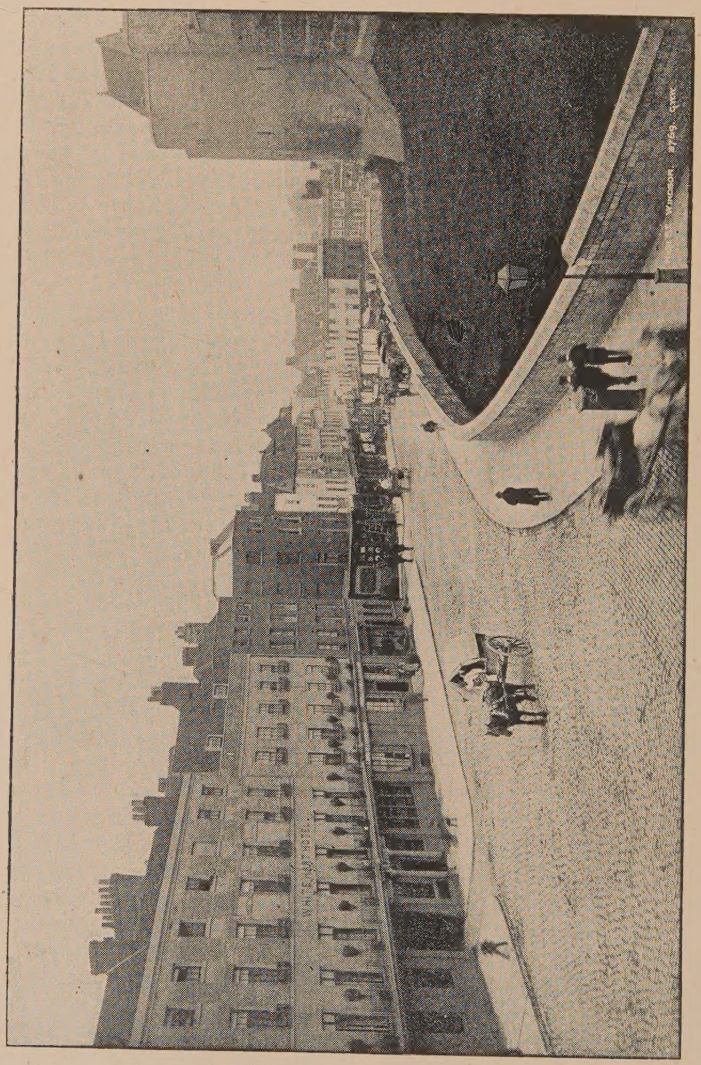
Leaving our position, we worked our way slowly, and with much difficulty, towards the saluting point—indicated by two tall flagstaffs, from one of which floated the royal standard of Britain, and from the other the royal standard of Persia. From this point, extending both ways, there were a number of stands to accommodate the household of Her Majesty—the suite of the Shah, foreign ministers, and other favoured personages.

While we are waiting for the coming of the Queen and her cortege, we may amuse ourselves by watching the movements of the immense concourse of people that stretches away to the right and to the left as far as the eye can see. To me it was a wonderful sight. I had often been in crowds before, both in Canada and the United States, but they were but as a drop in a bucket in comparison to this. Another thing that struck me was the good-nature that seemed to predominate, and the universal respectability in appearance and deportment. It was a grand gala day, and the people had come there to do it honour.

A little after five, the Scots Greys, who formed the van of the royal procession, debouched from the trees, the staff and the grey horses of the Queen's carriages could be seen, and now the murmur took wing and rolled on through the vast multitude, "They come!" Steadily the procession made its way across the green to the right of the line, the artillery on the left flank firing a royal salute. The boom of the guns had scarcely died away when a hundred thousand voices broke forth in patriotic chorus, and a hundred thousand hands, moved by love of Queen and country, waved and clapped with wild delight. It would be impossible for Canadian blood to witness such an ovation without imbibing its spirit; impossible to hear the roar of human voices swelling and rending the air without joining in the shout; impossible to look over the swaying sea of men and women

waving hats and clapping hands without cutting circles in British air with a Canadian "tile"—utterly impossible; and we did it, too, with a will, because our heart was in it.

the Princess of Wales. The Shah, a thin man, with dark features and prominent nose, wore a blue riband across his breast; a large gold saddle-cloth and large silver stirrups were conspicuous, while



HIGH STREET, WINDSOR.

The Queen's carriage paused between the flagstaffs. The Shah, who rode a white Arab, took up his position on the side of the Queen's carriage nearest the troops. Her Majesty was dressed in black; at her side was seated

brilliants and precious stones glittered on bit and bridle of his Arab horse. The Czarewitch wore a Russian cavalry uniform, and the Prince of Wales his uniform of colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade. Besides these, there were

stars and ribands and decorations without number. Her Majesty having received the royal salute from the whole of the troops, who presented arms while the bands played the National Anthem, and the colours were lowered, the royal party now made for the right of the line to begin the inspection. While the carriages of the Queen and Princesses passed along the line, the bands played the "Persian March." They now returned to the saluting point, and the march past began at once.

There were but seven thousand men on the field, and as a gallant show of a small force of picked soldiers of various arms, the parade was perfect. Every man and horse upon the ground was a thoroughly taught and drilled unit, turned out in perfect order. The scene was not wanting in any accessory which could give it dignity and beauty. Its elements were an historic and lively landscape, sovereigns, princes, princesses of various royal families, a crowd of nobles, a great gathering of English gentlemen and ladies, and a greater gathering of those who are not free to all drawing-rooms, but in whom lies the strength of the English nation.

Soon after the review, the great lawn, which had been reserved for the manoeuvring of the troops, was swept over by an eager multitude who pressed onward to get, if possible, a nearer look at the Shah, for to most of the English people he was the principal centre of attraction. We did not wait long before the royal carriages came in sight. We could not have desired a better glance at our noble Queen and those who accompanied her, than we got. The expression of the face seemed to indicate benignity and gratification. Next came the Shah on his milk-white charger, a beautiful creature, which won our admiration as it moved on with the cavalcade, gently curvetting and prancing. After the Shah came his numerous attendants. Then the grand pageant moved on through the gates of the castle and disappeared.

JUBILEE—1897.

Strike off, strike off the fetters
That chafe the captive's limb;
Spell out the golden letters
Of Jubilee for him.
From sorrow, gloom and sadness;
From deep, depressing woe,
The voice of joy and gladness
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Break up, break up the rigour
Of sin's oppressive rod;
Restore the former vigour
That mark'd man's walk with God.
From vices, grim and hoary;
From drink, man's direst foe,
The kingdom, power, and glory
Cry, "Loose, and let him go."

Bind up, bind up and brighten
The wounded hearts that bleed;
Thy burdened brother lighten,
And succour in his need.
From sullen griefs that gather,
Where cares their shadows throw,
The voice of God our Father
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Bring back, bring back the banish'd,
Who o'er far countries roam;
Nor let the light, long vanish'd,
Be longer miss'd at home.
With songs of joy returning,
Let every exile know,
Forgiveness, sought through mourning;
Cry, "Loose and let him go."

Tell out, tell out the tidings
Of world-wide Jubilee,
That God forbears His chidings
And makes redemption free;
That man no more may falter,
Nor wander to and fro,
Since Christ, from Calv'ry's altar,
Cries, "Loose, and let him go."

Then light, light up the nations
With life's reviving rays;
And let earth's habitations
Resound with songs of praise.
To pilgrims, heavy-laden,
Where sacred rivers flow;
To every man and maiden
Cry, "Loose, and let him go."

—*William Stewart.*

SUNDAY WITH QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.

Sunday with Her Majesty Queen Victoria is always a very quiet day. Whether worshipping in her beautiful private chapels of Windsor and Osborne, or in the simple Scottish kirk of Balmoral, the formal State title, "Defender of the Faith," is true in word and deed when applied to Queen Victoria.

From the time of the accession of Her Majesty the Queen, there has been no single incident to which the strictest amongst us could take exception, or nothing to which he could point in proof that the first lady in the land has not duly and devoutly followed the observances entailed upon true members of the Christian Church. No personal amusement has ever been indulged in on the Sabbath, and against the transaction of all business on that day the Queen has steadfastly set herself.

In former years it was customary for Her Majesty to rise quite early on the Sunday morning—as, in fact, she did every day in the week. Of late years, however, she seldom leaves her room much before ten, at which hour breakfast is taken with any members of the Royal Family who may be there. After breakfast, the Queen has a turn round the grounds in her donkey carriage, this carriage much resembling a Bath chair in appearance, and having Cee-springs and rubber tires.

The donkey is quite a prize specimen; its coat a glossy black. It was originally a poor, half-starved, over-worked, and ill-treated animal, the property of a native of Florence. One day, when the Queen was driving in the outskirts of that city, she saw the poor donkey being shamefully belaboured by two boys who had it in charge. Her Majesty had her carriage stopped, and expostulated with the urchins, subsequently, after due inquiries, purchasing the animal and sending it to England. After a season of good feeding and careful grooming few would have recognized it, and it was then and there promoted to its present position of drawing the Queen out for her morning airings. Her Majesty always takes the reins, a trusty groom walking at the head, and a Highland attendant in the rear. One of the Princesses, or a lady-in-waiting, walks at the side, in converse with the occupant of the carriage. By the time this ride has been taken it is nearing the hour for morning service, at which Her Majesty makes a point of being present.

To preach before the Queen is the ambition of many a young clergyman, but few attain the coveted honour. Her Majesty, in speaking of the first sermon delivered in her presence by Dr. Macleod, says: "Anything finer I never heard, the sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put." Dr. Macleod's own account is as follows: "I preached without a note—and I never looked once at the royal seat, but solely at the congregation. I tried to forget the great ones I saw, and remember the great ones I saw not."

No personal reference to Her Majesty is permissible, a pure Gospel discourse being de rigueur, delivered as though Her Majesty was not present. The Queen likes and enjoys a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day. Questions of the day, and, above all,

politics, must be entirely excluded. A celebrated divine broke this rule one Sunday, and preached a very strong political sermon; he of course could not be interrupted, and so had his say and way, but it was his last opportunity; the royal pulpits have neither of them been filled by him again.

Perhaps the Queen has really more enjoyed her Sundays at Balmoral than she has elsewhere, because there everything is so essentially homelike, and so perfect in its simplicity. During the life of the late Prince Consort, the Sundays seem to have been spent in much the same way as were those of the most humble of Her Majesty's Scottish subjects: due attendance at the kirk in the morning, and a quiet family walk during part of the afternoon. It was invariably the late Prince's custom to spend some of his time with his children, when they would read the Bible verse by verse in turns, the father expounding passages not clear to the children, while Her Majesty would spend some of her time in holding a Bible-class, which was attended by the young servants in the castle. This custom the Queen has kept up till quite recently, only breaking it by reason of her increasing age. A pleasant picture is drawn by one writer, descriptive of the service at Craithie kirk. "On a fine day in summer it is a pleasant sight to stand on the green sward outside. As the hour of twelve approaches, the people come flocking in from all directions: plainly-dressed peasants, farmers in their gigs, kilted gillies, devout-looking old women with their Bibles in their hands. They group themselves around the building, and engage in friendly converse with one another. Mingled with them are strangers who have come through from Ballater and Braemar."

"Nothing can possibly be of a simpler character than the service in Craithie kirk. Church and service are, however, very dear to the Queen. Here she has worshipped with those who have been taken from her, and here she has heard the heart-stirring and eloquent words of some of the greatest of Scottish preachers."

Here the Queen worshipped in quiet fashion until she was driven away by the immense number of visitors, who ultimately became an extreme annoyance. Sunday after Sunday saw long strings of conveyances waiting outside, the church itself being crowded almost to suffocation. This, however, was not the greatest infliction, for unmindful of the sacredness of the place and day, as well as the respect due to the Queen, the majority of the visitors persistently and rudely stared at her throughout the service, many even going to the length of bringing opera glasses.

For some time Her Majesty objected to any change, but at last a service-room was built within the castle grounds. Here the same order of service is observed, the Princess Beatrice or a lady-in-waiting playing the organ, the singing being led by some of the servants of the castle. The Queen's seat is a large arm-chair, the leather seat and back being embroidered with the Scotch thistle. Near it stands a small table with cushions of silk for Her Majesty's Bible and hymn-book.

Dinner, of course, is somewhat stately. Very often the Queen partakes of it with only the members of her own family present, or any royal guest who may be staying there, save and except that the officiating clergyman of the day, and the Minister in attendance, generally receive an invitation; as a rule, other guests are not asked.

It is not necessary here to describe the etiquette of the dinner, but at its close Her Majesty retires direct to her own special drawing-room, where, together with any of her family who may be present, she will enjoy some music of the old masters, preferably Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The Queen herself often takes part in duets with one of her daughters, and the Duke of Edinburgh, when present, contributes with his violin. When the Prince Consort was alive, he was most devoted to the organ, which instrument he had played upon from a boy. On Sunday evenings he would often play, while the Queen and the children would gather round and sing: a fair picture of a happy English family.

Those of you who care to may fill in notes to my account of our Queen's Sundays; may imagine that royal lady's thoughts of Sabbaths in past years when some of her dearest were still with her; may picture her, if you will, quietly reading her well-used Bible or her favourite divines; these things are of Her Majesty's private and inner life, and must be respected as such.

Her Majesty has ever been to her people an example of an earnest and God-fearing woman, consistent in all her words and actions. In the words of Tennyson—

> "Her court was pure, her life serene;
> God gave her peace; her land reposed,
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as mother, wife and queen."

—The Quiver.

WHERE THE QUEEN WORSHIPS.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

From earliest childhood, the Queen has been an assiduous attendant at divine worship. In whatever part of the country she happened to be with her royal mother, she was regularly taken to the parish church, and, no doubt, joined in the loyal prayers for King George the Fourth and "all the royal family," little realizing, as her small-voiced "Amen" arose to heaven, that her own name would one day be substituted, throughout the British empire, for that of her uncle.

Neither at the Chapel Royal, St. James', nor at the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, has the Queen been present at divine worship since the death of Prince Albert. But in her early married years, and while the chapel at Buckingham Palace was being arranged, she used regularly to attend the Chapel Royal, where so many a sovereign before her had worshipped.

Perhaps the most touching, because the most national, associations of the place, are with George III., whose unceasing attendance at early prayers in all weathers wore out not only his wife and family but every one else, and some sympathy must have been felt for the unfortunate equerry compelled to be present even when half-frozen with the cold. Everybody has heard how the old king used to beat time to the anthem with his music-roll, letting it drop upon the powdered heads of the pages below if he saw them talking or inattentive.

From St. James' is but a short walk to Buckingham Palace. Formerly there stood in the garden two conservatories, built in

Ionic style. One of these, the southernmost, was converted into a chapel. Its origin accounts for the very light and unecclesiastical appearance it presents. The aisles are formed by two rows of fluted columns with gilded capitals, and the Queen's gallery is supported by some of the Ionic pillars from the screen at Carlton House. The altar is perfectly plain, but over it hangs a panel of magnificent tapestry representing the baptism of Christ.

At Windsor, in days gone by, Her Majesty's custom on Sundays was to drive—though sometimes she walked—from the Upper Ward to the Deanery, passing by way of the ancient cloister to the royal pew in St. George's Chapel, where, except in very severe weather, she always worshipped. Many are familiar with the glorious choir in St. George's Chapel, and the ornate gallery jutting out high on the north wall over the altar, looking like one of the projecting latticed windows so common in Egypt. This gallery is fitted up for the accommodation of the sovereign, and is very beautiful. Gazing at it from below, who does not recall the memorable day in March, 1863, when a solitary figure in deepest mourning stood there so bravely and nobly to witness her eldest son's marriage, while the greatest sorrow of her life was tearing at her heartstrings ?

But for thirty-five long years the Queen, when at Windsor Castle, has exclusively used the private chapel there, or the Prince Albert Mausoleum; never, it is said, having been present at St. George's on a Sunday since 1862. The private chapel is easily accessible from the domestic portion of the castle, and only a little over one hundred yards from the Queen's private apartments in the Victoria Tower. It has no windows, and is lighted entirely from above, so that in the absence of sunshine the effect is rather gloomy.

The Queen often attends morning prayer at the Mausoleum, Frogmore, where the dean frequently preaches, or—as at the private chapel—one of the bishops who may be visiting the castle.

Overlooking the pleasant valley of the Medina, in the Isle of Wight, where "the salt sea-water passes by, and makes a silence in the hills," stands the parsonage of Whippingham Church. A stranger to the place, on approaching the church would find it hard to discover any sign of the town or village whose spiritual needs the sacred edifice is intended to supply, the dwellings of the scanty population being widely scattered. Yet for over seven centuries its bells have summoned generations of simple-minded country-folk from far and near to worship the God of their forefathers. The south end of the chancel is reserved for Her Majesty's use, and excellent arrangements have been made to ensure her a certain amount of seclusion and protection from the too obtrusive gaze of strangers, who come from afar on the mere chance of obtaining a peep at the Queen at her devotions. Her Majesty, however, now seldom attends Whippingham Church, more often using the private chapel at Osborne.

In the north aisle rests the mortality of poor Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose sad home-bringing across the ocean must have recalled to many an aching heart Lord Tennyson's pathetic lines upon his friend Hallam :

"Calm as the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

But Prince Henry's tomb is not the sole reminder of the gaps made by death in the Queen's family circle during her long reign. To the right of the royal pew, and also at the back, are memorials to the Prince Consort, Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany, and to the Princes Sigismund and Waldemar, aged respectively two and eleven years, sons of the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany.

At the parish church of Craithie at Balmoral, for nearly fifty years, the Queen, and those near and dear to her, had joined with the lowliest of her subjects in partaking of the Lord's Supper on Communion Sundays. Her Majesty sits in the middle of the front row, in a richly upholstered oaken seat adorned with the royal arms. She is thus in full view of the congregation, who occupy the nave.

At the dedication of the new church, Dr. Donald Macleod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, gave a most eloquent discourse, concluding with these words :

"To-day, the lineal descendant and representative of our ancient Scottish monarchs, the most revered of sovereigns, follows the example of bygone times, and is with us here as we dedicate this church to God. It is a story which will be told by generations yet unborn, how she who has loved our Highlands and their traditions, had added to the dignity of her high office the beauty of kindliest interest in every homestead scattered among these grand hills and glens; how she had shared in the joys and sorrows of those around her, and ministered to their well-being; how she, with those dearest to her, had year after year joined in the simple rites in which her people loved to worship God; and how with her own hands had laid the foundation, and had by her presence graced the dedication, of this church. We thank God for it all."—Sunday Magazine.

HONOURS.

BY GEORGE ALWAY.

When God shall call the muster-roll,
As heroes he'll mark off
Some who ne'er charged at Waterloo,
Or stormed the Malakoff.

Stars, garters, crosses, ribbons fade ;
New orders here unfold ;
The widow's mite, St. Martin's cloak,
The cup of water cold.

The hearts that saved the world by love
And hourly Calvaries bore,
The mother-martyrs, queenly host,
Are marshalled to the fore.

Earth's black-robed throngs are clad in white,
Their brows a light adorns—
A radiance of diamond,
Crowns of transfigured thorns.

Some humble folk we knew quite well,
But passed with scarce a nod,
Now rank as Heaven's nobility—
The chivalry of God.

Imperial names of History
Omitted from the list ;
In paradise, preferment shows
A hidden satirist.

The Heavens are taken by surprise ;
Archangels hold their breath ;
Through audience multitudinous
A stillness reigns like death.

Then flutterings of seraphs' wings—
Applauding cherubim—
With joy long pent the skies are rent—
A million eyes grow dim—

And down far-peopled spaces rolls
A surge of gratitude,
That God from bitter grapes of Life
Should crush Beatitude.

'Tis thus, with irony divine,
Earth's judgment's are reversed ;
When God shall call the muster-roll,
The last will be the first.

—*Outlook.*

THE ROYAL PALACE OF ST. JAMES.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.

ST. JAMES' PALACE.

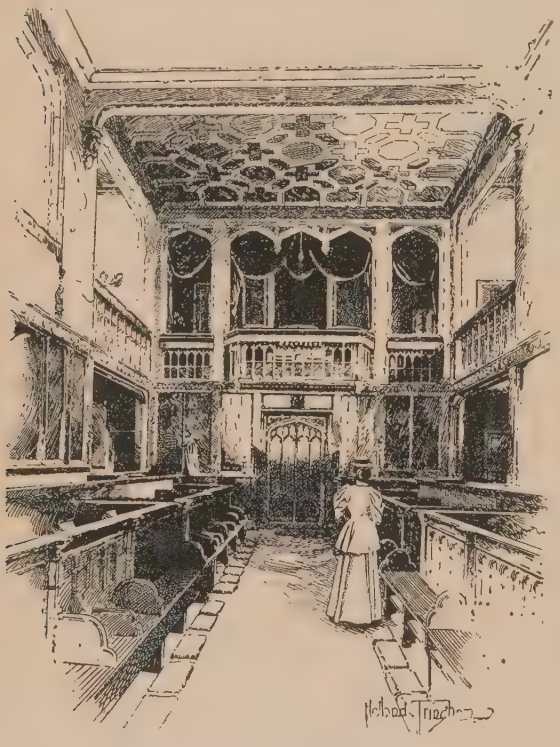
St. James' Palace—it is no exaggeration to say—is better known by name than any other palace throughout the world. The very mention of it—in countries remote, and amongst peoples who speak other languages and have different manners and customs—wins instant respect and recognition; for does not its court wield a mightier influence than any other court, and are not its accredited emissaries the representatives of a power than which none is mightier?

Being, then, what we may term the official headquarters of a nation on whose realms the sun never sets, St. James' Palace must ever possess a singular interest to the great majority. This is further enhanced by its past associations, connected as it is with monarchs, statesmen, and generals famous to history.

To go back to the beginning: it was probably about the year 1100 when the first building on the present site of the palace was put up as a sort of hospital, being a lazar house for women. Henry VIII., liking the position, purchased the ground, turned the occupants out, razed the hospital, put up a mansion on the spot, and, enclosing the neighbouring fields with a brick wall, surrounded himself with a fine park, at that time well stocked with game. This was at the time he married Anne Boleyn, and some of the interior still shows evidences of their joint residence within its walls.

The building, of course, has been much added to at later periods, chiefly by Charles I., Queen Anne, George II., and George III. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and is of mixed architecture—chiefly Gothic. The front centre shows much of the original, comprising the clock-tower and gateway, and the Chapel Royal.

This chapel, apart from its architectural interest, has many associations which make it more interesting still. In the first place, the Liturgy, as now used in the Church of England, was rendered here for the first time. Secondly, King Charles I. attended in these walls his last service on earth, just prior to setting out for his journey to Whitehall and the executioner's block. Here were married George IV. and Queen Caroline; and, coming down to our own times, here it was our beloved Queen was both confirmed and married. Later on, the Princess Royal and Crown Prince of Prussia were also married here; and at a still more recent date the marriage ceremony of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and Her Serene Highness the Princess May was performed.



CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES' PALACE.

George III. attended the Royal Chapel every Sunday morning in state, but so long was the service, and so devout was he, that the Queen and family were in the habit of dropping off one by one, leaving the King, the parson, and His Majesty's equerry to freeze it out together.

Certain it is that not all the attendants were so devout as the King, for the historian goes on to tell how a celebrated duchess and her daughter, coming hither one Sunday, found the chapel quite full—not a seat to be had! Looking round and finding the case hopeless, the duchess somewhat audibly observed—"Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the civil thing!"

The interior of the chapel is oblong in shape, with a roof divided into small painted squares, termed panelled renaissance, showing Tudor emblems and mottoes. The H. and A. which are evident, are by some supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, and by some to Anne of Cleves; at any rate, the date inscribed in these panels is 1540. The entire decoration was designed by Hans Holbein.

The services are open to the public; but the accommodation for such is extremely limited—consisting of one small gallery only—admission to which is by an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

The choir, known as the "Gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal," sit in stalls on either side of the chapel, the organ being in a gallery on the left. The dress

of the boys is picturesque in the extreme, the scarlet and gold of their long coats, and the Elizabethan ruffles at neck and wrists giving them a quaint and old-world appearance. This choir performed the first oratorio ever heard in England, namely, Handel's "Esther," in 1731.

The Levees are still held in St. James' Palace. From the window of this room the accession of a monarch is proclaimed, and it was here so many years ago that our Queen stood and looked out on the surging, cheering crowd who had assembled to listen to the proclamation of her accession. In this palace died Queen Mary, two children of Charles I., Queen Caroline—wife of George II., the Princess Elizabeth—daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and other celebrities. Here also were born Charles II. and George IV.

The Palace of St. James' is one of the most valuable relics of old London, but its interior is very little known to the public. Who, on looking back upon the happy and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, will not join me in the wish that she may long be spared as Sovereign of "Our Court of St. James' ?"—Cassell's Magazine.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"O Maiden ! heir of kings !
A king has left his place !
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face !
And thou upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best !"
She heard and wept—
She wept to wear a crown !

They decked her courtly halls ;
They reined her hundred steeds ;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds !"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town !
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown !

She saw no purple sheen,
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown—
"God save the Queen" from hill to mart,
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept to wear a crown !

God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties !
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yea ! wept to wear its crown !

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's,
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down ;
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown !

A VISIT TO BALMORAL CASTLE.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral Castle, in the Scotch Highlands, are the two private residences of the Queen of England. They are rigidly guarded from the public. Especially has this been the case during the last few years, when dynamite scares have been so common; and the Queen, although a brave lady, has no mind to give dynamiters a chance at her.

The Queen's apartments at her official residences are likewise secluded from sight-seers; but there are parts of these residences that are open on certain days to the public.

Osborne House and Balmoral, though, are strictly private property, and when the Queen is "in residence," there is no stranger within her gates. We, however, were befriended by one of the gentlemen-in-waiting to the Queen, and spent a lovely August morning wandering through Balmoral Castle and its grounds.

Our coachman was almost overcome with astonishment when we directed him to turn from the highroad between Ballater and Braemar into the lodge gates of Balmoral. The lodge-keeper inspected our letters of admission very carefully before admitting us, but we were allowed to pass.

The first view of the grounds and castle is a charming preparation for what follows. The broad road winds through the park and across an arched stone bridge over the Dee, rippling merrily over its bed of pebbles.

Prince Albert, in 1848, persuaded the Queen to lease Balmoral for a term of thirty-eight years. In 1852 it was bought outright of the Earl of Fife, and the Prince, out of his private fortune, built the splendid granite castle.

The estate comprises ten thousand acres of arable land, and about thirty thousand acres of deer forest. The great white castle, with its airy pinnacles and

BALMORAL CASTLE, FROM THE REAR.

stately towers is visible at intervals through the whole drive, from the park entrance to the open plateau.

The park itself is a beautiful stretch of trees, shrubs, moss-covered rocks, wild-rose hedges and heathery hillsides. Macadamized roadways and pretty bridle-paths lead in every direction, but it has maintained its air of simplicity and natural beauty in spite of these.

At last the castle is reached, setting upon its broad terraces sloping down to the Dee, which dashes along at the foot of the hills. Around it tower the purple mountains, clothed with giant furs and larches, and the August sun glints upon great masses of pink heather, as far as the eye can follow. Such a lovely, stately, majestic scene it was! We could scarcely tear ourselves away from it to enter the castle.

There are two principal entrances. One, a splendid porte cochere, opens into the grand hall, and is used only when the Queen is "in residence." The other is a smaller door, under the clock tower. We very naturally alighted at the smaller door; but the housekeeper, on meeting us, apologized for not admitting us through the grand entrance, making some civil excuse about its being boarded up.

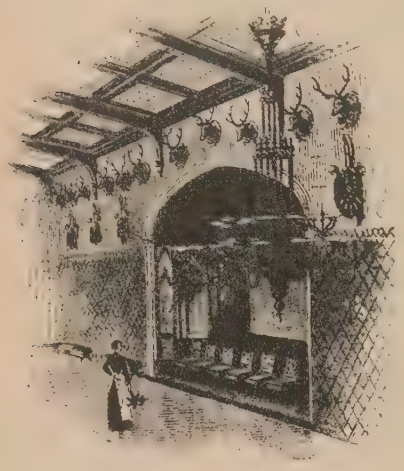
We entered first a long corridor, which is very commonplace except for the fact that the carpet is of the Stuart tartan. The Queen is very fond of her Stuart descent, and the Stuart tartan is the regulation one for all of the royal household and visitors to wear at Balmoral.

Along the walls of this corridor are numerous engravings, among them many Landseers. It is a strange circumstance that there is not a particle of colour in any picture on the walls of Balmoral Castle. Every one is an engraving, and consequently all are reproductions.

Turning to the right, toward the ball-room, there is a sitting-room for the gentlemen of the Queen's household. It is simply furnished; indeed, simplicity is the keynote of the whole interior of the castle. This room has an open Franklin stove, and leather-covered furniture. There are a few good busts and engravings—a bust of Sir Walter Scott, a copy of Detaille's "Passing Regiment," and some of the inevitable Landseers—notably Sir Edwin's famous "Deer Family."

There is also an engraving of Napoleon III., with an autograph. Indeed, all the portraits at Balmoral have autographs. The Queen and Prince Consort were

personal friends of the last French Emperor and the Empress Eugenie, and the ex-Empress often visits the Queen at Balmoral.



ROYAL DAIS, BALMORAL.

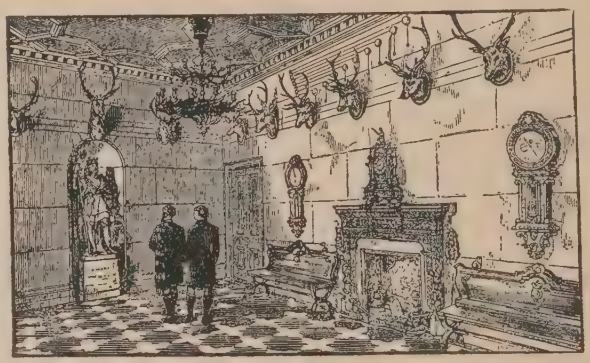
Back of a crimson dais are two niches, in which are huge branched candlesticks, eight or nine feet high. Around the hall, at intervals, are hung "claymores" —the ancient Scottish swords— draped with the tartans of the various clans. One and all, the rooms might belong in any fine family residence.

The drawing-room is immense, sunny and cheerful, and overlooks the terrace. The curtains, chairs, and carpets are of the Victorian tartan. In one corner is a grand piano. The Queen is passionately fond of music, and is an accomplished performer on the piano.

The only thing noticeable in the decorations is the great number of statuettes of the Queen's children. A statuette represents the Queen on horseback, wearing the long riding-skirt which was the fashion in her day. The Queen was a fine rider in her youth, and till recently she rode her favourite old donkey, Jessie, about the park at Balmoral.

From the drawing-room one passes on again to the especial rooms of the Queen, where she really lives. The first of these is the library, which has a very large collection of books. The Queen is one of the best informed of women. There are a few good engravings, as in the rest of the apartments, and busts of Scott and Burns. There is also a large table which answers as a dining table for the Queen and her ladies when she chooses to dine in the library.

One door of this room opens into a fine corridor which leads to the grand hall. On each side of this door is a statue—one of Burns' "Highland Mary," and the other of Scott's "Ellen Douglass." There is also an admirable marble statue of the Prince Consort in this corridor.



HALL IN BALMORAL CASTLE.

Communicating with the corridor is the Queen's music-room, where she spends much of her time. It has two upright pianos and an organ. On the walls are

numerous portraits, notably of two empresses who formerly possessed great beauty—the Empress Eugenie of France and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Each has an autograph—"Eugenie," and "Elizabeth."

There is also a portrait of the Princess of Wales, made at the time of her marriage, and an engraved copy of the celebrated picture of the Queen riding over the field of Waterloo with the Duke of Wellington.

The hall is ornamented with antlers, the hunting trophies of the Queen's husband and sons; and there is a splendid wild boar's head which was won in the chase by the Prince Consort in Germany.

On the same floor are rows of bedrooms, with dressing-rooms adjoining, for the Queen's suite and for guests. All are very simply furnished, as English bedrooms usually are.

The largest suite of rooms is that intended for the Prime Minister when he is called to Balmoral; and the Queen very often calls for him. All are very small, and simply furnished in chintz. The walls of the sitting-room are decorated with engraved portraits, with autographs, of all the Prime Ministers during the Queen's reign.

The apartments of the Prince of Wales are up-stairs, and are directly over the library and music-room. Three feathers, the insignia of the Prince, are carved in the stone wall of the castle, on a level with his windows.

It took us two hours to stroll through the castle, and two hours more to walk about the terraces, visit the dairy, and drive through the park.

Everything was exquisitely kept, and the dairy a delight to the eye. The dairymaid offered us milk, which was accepted. A little way on, not very far from the dairy, is a cross erected to the memory of the late Princess Alice, the Queen's daughter. There is also a memorial to the late Prince Leopold, and a statue of John Brown, who was the Queen's faithful body-servant for many years.

WAKING THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

Never was there a sweeter spot than Balmoral Castle, or one more eloquent of peace and domestic charm. No wonder the Queen likes it. She has always desired to have her daughters arrange the sentimental part of their marriage engagements at Balmoral; for, like a true and womanly woman, she believes in marriages of affection.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY E. S. ORR.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER CORONATION.

There are thousands still living who were born under the reign of George the Third, who died in 1820. But few of them can recollect the close of his long reign, seventy-seven years ago, as they were then too young to know much about public events. Such persons have the distinction of having lived under four British monarchs. The short reigns of George the Fourth, and William the Fourth are remembered by many. But the vast majority of British subjects have never known any other ruler than Victoria. Venerable grandsires and grandmothers have been born, and lived all their lives under her benignant sway.

Queen Victoria was crowned June 20, 1837. A little more than a year after that date, The Christian Guardian published a supplement, dated August 1, 1838, containing a full account of the coronation ceremonies. Egerton Ryerson was then in the prime of early manhood. For forty-four years after that date he lived a

loyal subject of the Queen, and a benefactor of his country. In introducing the subject, he remarked :

"As it is not likely that we will live to furnish, or many of our subscribers to read, an account of the coronation of another British monarch, we present them with the following narrative of the whole ceremony connected with the coronation of our present gracious Queen Victoria. May the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland be happy and prosperous under her reign ! May the North American colonies ever be among 'the most precious jewels of her crown !' May the sceptre of her government be a sceptre of righteousness, and be only surpassed in lustre by the splendour of that imperishable crown with which we pray Almighty God she may be adorned, elevated and ennobled in the Kingdom of Heaven. For the Empire,

"With laws and liberties that rise,
Man's noblest work beneath the skies,"

we would earnestly pray :

"O may thy wealth and power increase !
O may thy people dwell in peace !
On thee the Almighty's glory rest,
And all the world in thee be blest."

The narrative is credited to the New York Commercial Advertiser.

How fully have the patriotic wishes of the distinguished writer been realized ! The event marked the beginning of the longest and most illustrious reign in British history; the British American colonies are as firmly attached to the mother country as they were then, and the British Empire is vastly more extended and prosperous; the arts of peace, and the triumphs of trade, manufactures, and science, have made such progress as the world had never seen before.

Of all the distinguished personages who took part in the Queen's coronation, the Queen herself is the only survivor. The ambassadors, soldiers, bishops, and clergy have all long since mingled with the dust. The beautiful women, who were present in throngs, have joined the silent majority. Doubtless some survive, who, as children or youth, witnessed the great pageant, and many who, like the present writer, read, or heard read, with interest the published accounts of the proceedings.

At Buckingham Palace.

From an early hour, indeed long before daylight, numbers of persons were to be seen gathering in little knots in the immediate vicinity of Buckingham Palace, and as the day advanced considerable additions to that number continued to be made, until the hour of eight o'clock, when the whole line on either side of the road leading up Constitution Hill was crowded with well-dressed persons. Spacious galleries were erected, which were filled principally by elegantly dressed ladies.

The Foreign Ambassadors, of France, Turkey, Portugal, Sweden, Sardinia, Hanover, Prussia, Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Belgium, Russia, and Sicily, occupied conspicuous places. Their very names and titles remind us what political changes have taken place in Europe since that day. Among them were Marshal Soult, Prince Schwartzenburg, Count Strongoff, the Marquis of Miraflores, and other world-famous celebrities.

The ministers of the United States, Mexico, Brazil, Greece, Sardinia, Bavaria, and many Continental kingdoms now merged into greater integrations, gave splendour to the august procession. After them came the royal dukes and duchesses of Great Britain, the Household Brigade, the Queen's Bargemaster, the Queen's Forty-Eight Watermen, Her Majesty's twelve carriages, each drawn by six horses ; the officers of the royal household, the Royal Huntsmen, Yeomen Prickers and Foresters, and other feudal officers. Then came the state coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, conveying the Queen, attended by the Gold Stick, Yeomen of the Guard, grooms, footmen, etc., followed by the Mistress of the Robes, the Master of the Horse, the captains of the Royal Archers, and a squadron of Life Guards, in stately pageantry. The various members of the Royal Family were loudly greeted as they passed in succession, and when the youthful Queen appeared the loudest plaudits rent the air. The salutations which appeared most to gratify the young Sovereign were the shouts

with which a people, passionately loyal, appeared anxious to ratify, as it were by anticipation, the solemn compact she was about to make with them.

About seven o'clock the House of Commons had assembled, and soon afterwards the members began to throng its benches, some in court dress, many in naval and military uniforms, with orders, and thence proceeded to the Abbey, the approaches to which were covered with galleries and balconies. Early in the day a cold, damp atmosphere and a murky sky gave token of very unfavourable weather. In truth,

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lowered,
And Heaven in clouds brought on the day."

But these ill omens did not abate the ardour of the people. After a few sharp showers the sun appeared, and the rest of the day, if not brilliant, was calm and placid. The rapid succession of gay equipages of the nobility and gentry, with footmen and servants in state liveries, some of them exceedingly splendid, formed a moving panorama, such as no other mètropolis of Europe could present. The Duke of Wellington was received with honest and well-earned applause. The discharge of twenty-one guns intimated that the great procession had left the palace, and shortly before eleven o'clock the sound of the trumpet announced that the grand pageant approached the Abbey. The Queen, to whom all eyes and all hearts were turned, at length appeared, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland (Mistress of the Robes), and the Earl of Albemarle (Master of the Horse). No sovereign could wish or hope for a more heartfelt and enthusiastic greeting than she received. Having entered the Abbey, the solemn and sacred ceremony proceeded.

The Coronation Service.

Crimson and cloth of gold made the entire scene one of rare beauty and magnificence. The officers of the Army and Navy, the deans and prebendaries of Westminster, habited in full canonicals, contributed to the splendour of the pageant. Every part of the venerable Abbey save the choir was filled. Never had it been the scene of a more stately ceremonial. The members of the House of Commons, and naval and military officers, dressed in every variety of uniform known to the service of the country, the peers and peeresses of the realm, the foreign ambassadors and ministers, made a moving mass of glittering grandeur. As Her Majesty entered the Abbey, the soul-stirring anthem, blended with the applauding shouts of the spectators, echoed to the very roof. The royal regalia were borne by high dignitaries. The Queen, meanwhile, passed through the choir and made her humble adoration, and, kneeling before her chair, used some short private prayers. The Archbishop of Canterbury then advanced from his station, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Garter King of Arms, and made the Requisition thus:

"Sirs, I here present to you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore, all you who are come this day to do her homage, are you willing to do the same?"

The Queen, meanwhile, stood by her chair—

"Opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people,"

on each side, as the recognition was made, and the assembled people shouting with great enthusiasm, "God save Queen Victoria."

The trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the band struck up the National Anthem.

The Queen, kneeling on the steps of the altar, made her first oblation of an altar-cloth of gold, and an ingot or wedge of gold of a pound weight, and the Archbishop then said this prayer:

"O God, who dwellest in the high and holy place with those who are of an humble spirit, look down mercifully upon this Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, here humbling herself before Thee at Thy footstool, and graciously receive these oblations, which, in humble acknowledgment of Thy sovereignty over all, and of Thy great bounty unto her in particular, she hath now offered unto Thee through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen."

The communion service followed. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, the text being taken from Second Chronicles xxxiv. 31. "And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

The Archbishop then administered the coronation oath, as follows:

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

The Queen.—"I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop.—Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

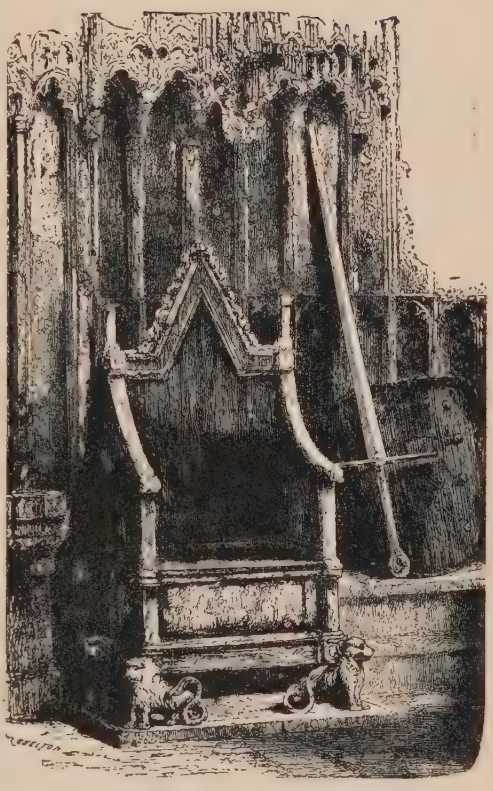
Queen.—"I will."

The Queen also took the oath to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law.

The Anointing.

The Queen then proceeded to King Edward's chair,* and the Archbishop anointed her in the form of a cross on the crown of her head, and on the palms of both her hands, with words of solemn consecration, followed by this prayer:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who by His Father was anointed with the oil of gladness, above His fellows, by His anointing pour down upon your head and heart the blessing of the Holy Ghost, and prosper the works of your hands, that by the assistance of this heavenly grace you may preserve the people committed to your charge in wealth, peace, and godliness; and after a long and glorious course of ruling this temporal kingdom, wisely, justly, and religiously, you may at last be made partaker of an eternal kingdom through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

The Investiture.

The imperial mantle, or dalmatic robe of cloth of gold, lined or furred with ermine, was then delivered to the Dean

* This chair, on which for centuries the coronation of the sovereign has taken place, was made by order of Edward I. "In the capital of the Scottish kingdom," says Dean Stanley, "was a venerable fragment of rock, to which, at least as early as the fourteenth century, the following legend was attached: The stony pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel was by his countrymen transported to Egypt. Thither came Gabelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. He and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the rising greatness of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or to Spain." Thence it was taken to Tara, where it became "Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny, on which the Kings of Ireland were placed." Thence again, according to Scotch tradition, it was borne to Scotland. First placed in the walls of Dunstaffnage Castle, it was moved, in the middle of the ninth century, to Scone, there incased in a chair of wood, upon which the Kings of Scotland were enthroned by the Earls of Fife. "On this precious relic Edward fixed his hold. On it he himself was crowned King of Scots. . . . Westminster was to be an English Scone. It was his latest care for the Abbey. In the last year of Edward's reign the venerable chair which still encloses it was made for it by the orders of its captor; the fragment of the world-old Celtic races was imbedded in the new Plantagenet oak." The Dean states that from the character of the stone there is little doubt its origin is from the sandstone of the western coast of Scotland, and that "of all explanations concerning it, the most probable is that which identifies it with the stony pillow on which Columba rested, and on which his dying head was laid, in his abbey of Iona; and if so, it belongs to the minster of the first authentic coronation in Western Christendom."

of Westminster, and by him put upon the Queen. The orb with the cross was delivered into the Queen's right hand by the Archbishop, pronouncing this blessing and exhortation :

"Receive this imperial robe, and orb, and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with power from on high ; the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation. And when you see this orb under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer, for He is the Prince of the kings of the earth, King of kings and Lord of lords. So that no man can reign happily who derives not his authority from Him, and directs not all his actions according to His laws."

The Archbishop then put the royal ring on the Queen's finger, saying :

"Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity, and of defence of the Catholic faith ; and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with the spirit of promise, which is the earnest of a heavenly inheritance, and reign with Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The Archbishop then delivered the sceptre with the cross into the Queen's right hand, saying :

"Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice." Then he delivered the rod with the dove into the Queen's left hand, saying : "Receive the rod of equity and mercy, and God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which He hath given you. Be so merciful that ye be not too remiss ; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Judge with righteousness and reprove with equity, and accept no man's person. Abase the proud and lift up the lowly ; punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go. Thus, in all things following His great and holy example, of whom the prophet David said, 'Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity ; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre,' even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Crowning.

The Archbishop, standing before the altar, then took the crown into his hands, and laying it again before him on the altar, said :

"O God, who crownest Thy faithful servants with mercy and lovingkindness, look down upon Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head to Thy Divine Majesty (here the Queen bowed her head) ; and as Thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her loyal heart with Thy heavenly grace, and crown her with all princely virtues, which may adorn the high station in which Thou hast placed her, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The Archbishop then reverently placed the crown upon the Queen's head. Immediately Her Majesty was crowned the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, bishops their caps, and kings-of-arms their crowns. The effect was magnificent in the extreme. The shouts which followed this part of the ceremony were really tumultuous, and all but made "the vaulted roof resound." A signal being given, the instant the crown was placed on the Queen's head the great guns at the Tower fired a royal salute, which gave an additional but somewhat startling solemnity to the occasion. The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop said : "Be strong and of good courage, observe the commandments of God, and walk in His holy ways, fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life ; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day. Amen."

The Presenting of the Holy Bible.

The Holy Bible, which had been borne in the procession, was next presented to the Queen, saying :

"Our gracious Queen, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom, this is the royal law ; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book ; that keep and do the things contained in it. In these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world ; nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Then the Archbishop solemnly blessed Her Majesty, all the bishops, with the rest of the peers, following every part of

the benediction with a loud and hearty Amen. The choir then sang the Te Deum. A gleam of sunshine which now broke through the south great rose window, lighted on Her Majesty's crown, which sparkled like a galaxy, and lent a still more dazzling brilliancy to the scene.

unworthy. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of His mysteries, establish your throne in righteousness that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before Him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen."

OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

The Queen Enthroned.

The Te Deum being ended, the Queen was lifted up into her throne by the Archbishop and bishops, and other peers of the kingdom, and being placed therein, all the great officers stood round about the steps of the throne, and the Archbishop, standing before the Queen, said:

"Stand firm and hold fast, from henceforth, the seat and state of royal, imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God, though

The Homage.

The exhortation being ended, all the peers did their homage publicly and solemnly to the Queen, the Archbishop saying: "I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury," (and so every one of the rest, "I, ———, Bishop of ———), will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you, our Sovereign Lady, and your heirs, kings or queens of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in the right of the Church. So help me God."

Then the other peers of the realm did their homage in like manner, all putting off their coronets, the first of each class beginning, and the rest saying after him:

"I, N——, Duke or Earl, etc., of N——, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth. I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God."

This part of the ceremony was peculiarly affecting. When the Duke of Wellington knelt before Her Majesty a prolonged shout was raised. The peers then stood together round the Queen, each class or degree by themselves in order, putting off their coronets, and singly touched the crown on Her Majesty's head, engaging by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then each kissed the Queen's hand. While the peers were thus doing their homage the medals were thrown about, producing something like disorder in parts of the Abbey.

When the homage was ended the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted, "God save Queen Victoria!" "Long live Queen Victoria!" "May the Queen live forever!"

The solemnity of the coronation being thus ended, the Queen, leaving her throne, proceeded to the steps of the altar, when, taking off her crown and delivering it to the Lord Chamberlain, she knelt down. The Queen then offered bread and wine for the communion, and made her second oblation, a purse of gold, and then received the Holy Communion.

Her Majesty then proceeded through the choir to the door of the Abbey, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the sceptre with the cross, and in her left the orb, amid most enthusiastic cheers. Her Majesty went through the long and even most fatiguing services with the most perfect composure, self-possession and dignity.

The old crown made for George IV., and which was worn by William IV., weighed seven pounds, and had to be broken up, as it was much too large for Victoria. The new crown weighs little more than three pounds. In the Maltese cross which is in front of the crown is the enormous heart-shaped ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince. The estimated value of the crown was £111,000.

The reign of Queen Victoria is unique in British history, the longest and most glorious. How well has she kept her coronation oath! How admirably has she heeded the exhortations addressed to her on that momentous occasion! How fully have the prayers then, and since, offered for her, been answered!

"Under Thy mighty wings,
Keep her, O King of kings;
Answer her prayer;
Till she shall hence remove
Up to Thy courts above,
To dwell in light and love,
Evermore there."

Cookshire, Que.

TO THE QUEEN.

I sang thee in my childish days,
Girl minstrel to a Royal girl,
When all the strange delightful whirl
Of life was full of joy and praise:

I sing thee now with a full heart;
Both having known life's change and loss,
Both taken up its heavy cross,
Its bitterer and yet better part.

Womanliest woman! queenliest Queen!
Thy country's Mother, as it sees
Four generations round thy knees,
And all that was and might have been.

O generous Heart, that, bleeding, fed
Her people 'neath her sheltering wings,
Taught pity for all suffering things
Out of the very breast that bled.

True, trusted, tried; gold thrice refined
In the fierce fire that all doth prove—
These sixty years of England's love
About thy lonely bosom bind.

Live, blest with all that blessing brings,
Die, full of peace and fruitful years,
To live again in happier spheres,
The Crowned of the King of kings.

"The best revenge is love; disarm
Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm;
Give water to thy thirsty foe.

The sandal tree, as if to prove
How sweet to conquer hate by love,
Perfumes the axe that lays it low."

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS.*

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

One of my earliest and most distinct boyish recollections is of the proclamation of Her Gracious Majesty as "Queen Victoria." I did not know—and probably could not have understood—how the young Queen came out into the balcony from the window of the Presence Chamber at St. James's Palace, between Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, and was hailed with thunderous cheers by vast crowds of her people; and how she was observed to shed tender and wistful tears at the moment of that great spectacle. When she retired to her mother's apartment, being proclaimed Sovereign, she held that conversation and made that request of which the world afterward heard with so much sympathy.

"I can scarcely believe, mamma, that I am really Queen of England."

"You are really Queen, my child," replied the Duchess of Kent; "listen how your subjects still cheer your name in the streets and cry to God to bless you."

"In time," said Her Majesty, "I shall perhaps become accustomed to this too great and splendid state. But, since I am Sovereign, let me, as your Queen, have to-day my first wish—let me be quite alone, dear mother, for a long time." And that day Victoria passed the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying to heaven for herself and her people, with supplications innocent and noble, which have surely been heard. It was not wonderful indeed that a reign so commenced has been followed by happy and famous years.

The total revenue of Great Britain and Ireland in 1837 was £47,240,000; last year it stood at over £100,000,000. The punishment of the pillory was still sometimes enforced, and the criminal law was cruel and sweeping. There was no railway open between Liverpool and Birmingham until some weeks after the youthful Queen's accession. Later still was tried the first experiment with the electric telegraph between Euston Square and Camden Town.

The reign was not a year old when the Sirius steamer, earliest of her class, left Cork harbour for New York, followed by the Great Western. Duels were still of no uncommon occurrence. Grace Darling had yet to add her sweet name to the record of British womanhood by rescuing the crew of the Indiaman Forfarshire, and initiating with her heroism the system of our coast lifeboats. India was reached only by the long Cape route, and not until October 12, 1838, did that memorable meeting assemble at the Jerusalem Coffee House, which first considered the possibility of steam communication with the East by way of the Mediterranean and the Arab Sea, cherishing moreover the then wild dream of arriving at Bombay in forty-two days, and at Calcutta in forty-three days. We had practically no use as yet of railroads, telegraph wires, and of steam navigation, and were only beginning to get the new machine of our popular representative institutions into order at the time when the coronation trumpets sounded.

Without too closely pursuing

* We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Forum* this sympathetic tribute to Queen Victoria by a veteran journalist who has had unusual opportunity of knowing Her Majesty personally.—Ed.

the comparison—intensely attractive though it might become—between then and now, it is worth while to dwell a little longer upon those wonderful advances characterizing the period to which the name of the Victorian era will always hereafter be given. For the Queen has borne an immense personal part in moulding her age, and the age has reflected back upon her name and her greatness a lustre beyond the glory of all other reigns, re-establishing the ancient ideal of monarchy, and, in an epoch of wild change and much political commotion at home and abroad, displaying to the world this ancient throne of England securely planted amid falling dynasties and failing republics, like a vast rock in the stormy sea.

In foreign trade our advance is more than 450 per cent.; the output of coal is twenty-five times greater; the import of tea is 420 per cent., and of tobacco 150 per cent., more than in 1837 ; while our shipping has risen by 700 per cent, and to-day, by an immense proportion, dominates all the waters of commerce. In 1837 our colonial population was under 4,000,000, but it now stands over 18,000,000, of course excluding India,—which country, under the "pax Britannica," has well-nigh doubled its native census. The total area of the British Empire, previously colossal, has grown to 10,000,000 square miles; and the subjects of Her Majesty, all directly looking to her as their sovereign, and ruled by her benignant hand, may be estimated en bloc to-day at more than 320,000,000 of human beings.

In locomotion, transport, and intercourse, Queen Victoria has seen a most marvellous progress. Her age has been the age of steam, as the next will probably be that of electricity. Not until 1836, as I have remarked, did the railway period really commence, and now more than £1,000,000,000 are invested in iron lines, making a network over the realm, worked with more than 20,000 locomotives, which earn over £80,000,000 a year and employ nearly 400,000 people. A glance has been given to the prodigious increase of British shipping, and in this iron has supplanted timber for construction, as steam has almost too thoroughly supplanted canvas for those who, like the present writer, love the poetry and passion of the ocean.

To mention the post-office is to speak of an absolute social revolution, for in 1837 only 80,000,000 letters were carried during the year, while now 2,000,000,000 pass almost without a single miscarriage. The electric telegraph and those submarine wires which abolish time and distance, swifter than Ariel engirdling the world, are wholly Victorian; and Victorian also are those numberless mail steamers by which we easily pass to all ports and parts of the habitable globe, most of them under the flag of England. If one would know what value may be added to iron by human manipulation, it is enough to cogitate the single fact that a ton of Bessemer steel costing £60 makes up into 40,000,000 springs worth £400,000, or three times the value of the same quantity of gold !

Who can overestimate the effect of Forster's Act, which in fifteen years raised the number of pupils in day-schools from 1,152,389 to 3,371,325 ? By the same date the public grants for schooling, which had been barely £200,000 in 1837, were enlarged to more than £4,000,000.

Reflect a moment upon the superb march of science during this unparalleled reign. Huxley, a calm observer, looking back from the heights of his later years,

called the Victorian period "a revolution of modern minds." He enumerates, as three physical discoveries sufficient to immortalize the reign, the scientific doctrines, first, of the molecular constitution of matter; secondly, of the conservation of energy; thirdly, of evolution as divined by Darwin.

Remember, too, how the benign arts of medicine and remedial surgery extended their borders. From the sanguinary fields of the Crimean war arose, like an angel of compassion and redemption, Florence Nightingale, with all that train of skilled and gentle nurses, afterward following her example, who have altered the history of the sick-room and regenerated our hospitals. Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds, founded on the wonderful information obtained by the microscope, and such experiments as Pasteur's about infinitesimal life, stripped operations of their previous deadly peril by reason of septic organisms, while—as if science would bestow a fitting boon on the youthful Queen—Simpson in Edinburgh, simultaneously with Wells and Morton in the United States, early in the Victorian age, performed those merciful experiments with chloroform which terminated the epoch of unavoidable anguish for sick and wounded patients, robbed even war of its worst features, and commenced the present blessed era of anaesthetics.

If there were space to indicate, in addition, the glories of the literature of the reign; the achievements of its art; the large steps taken in the promotion of the love and study of music; the gradual elevation of the drama; the animated pursuit of philosophy; the sustained cultivation of learning; and the opening up of unknown geography, greatly, as of old, by British enterprise,—the conviction would be yet more deeply stamped upon the intelligent mind that such a period in our history needed and has received a providential head. Africa has yielded up almost all her immemorial secrets to Victorian explorers. The vast island of Australia—only a little unveiled by Van Diemen and Cook—kept its treasures of gold and of natural marvels for this favoured time. The arrow-headed slabs and cylinders of Assyria, and the larger part of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, with their precious indications, were deciphered for the same fortunate generations. They witnessed also that sudden transformation of the navies of the world from its old material of timber to the new armour-clad pattern and fabric which has given to Great Britain a real and visible sovereignty of the seas. We are as yet, apparently, far from the millennium, and our period has unhappily been checkered by many wars, in most or all of which, however, that flag has been upheld, upon many a sanguinary field, by the soldiers of Her Majesty, with a faithful valour recognized and admired by all the world; so that neither the vast armed multitudes of Russia, nor the Sepoy in rebellion, nor any enemy in any conflict, has seriously broken the haughty tradition of British victory, embodied and sustained in the Queen's dear name.

The august and illustrious figure which has been the centre, the token, and the imperial presiding genius of all this progress and prosperity can never be detached in history from the magnificent records of her time. The story of her life and the story of her people's life have flowed onward together, inextricably blended, indissolubly connected. At the bottom of the might and energy and enterprise illustrated by all majestic chapters in the chronicles of

England have ever been from the first the deep religious instincts and the strong family affections of the people, both of which the Queen's royal nature was created to embody, reflect, and exemplify. Among the wives of England this sceptred wife; among the mothers of the land this crowned mother; among the widows of her people this throned Lady Victoria, whose sorrow seemed the sorest, as her burden was the greatest,—has been always one of the women of the realm, representing them all, leading them all, understood by them all.

At the root of her greatness has surely been her gentleness. The half-forgotten court gossip of the past is full of little tales of the tenderness which underlies the well-known force and firmness of Her Majesty. When, on the death of King William the Fourth, Queen Adelaide wrote to the young Victoria announcing the event, the acceded Princess replied by a gentle and respectful letter which she addressed to "The Queen of England"; and when a lady of the court humbly remonstrated, saying, "Your Majesty, you only are Queen of England," the pretty reply was given: "Yes, but Aunt Adelaide must not be reminded of that by me."

And when, at taking the oath of allegiance, the two Royal Dukes bowed low before her to touch her hand with their lips, she kissed them gravely, raising them from the ground, saying to the Duke of Sussex, "Do not kneel, dear uncle; if I am Queen, I am also your niece!"

The royal marriage and the happy married years ensuing, for a while made the heavy circlet of empire lighter on that most gracious and noble brow. The Princess Royal was born (since, in her own exalted turn, an Empress and a widow), and a year later the birth of our Prince of Wales rejoiced the whole country. The Queen then, as always, possessed two Empires, that of Great Britain and of her own household, and a month after the coming of the heir apparent she wrote to King Leopold of Belgium: "My happiness at home and the love of my husband, his kindness, his advice, his support, his company, make up for all."

See how the Queen loved and loves that thoroughly English word "home,"—the secret of the story of nation and sovereign alike! Home love and home joys—nay, indeed—home sorrows also—have fed the Queen's heart with the forces and the faith necessary to enable her to bear her majestic load of care and toil for England. In all her words and deeds and thoughts the sacredness of these sentiments and of simple human love shines within the precincts of her sovereignty like a golden lamp in a palace of marble.

There befalls no disaster to the mining or industrial classes; no dreadful wrecks at sea; no sad railway accident on land; no striking sorrow; no sudden public loss,—but the motherly love of the Queen is promptly shown in tender and graceful words of pity and sympathy which she knows so well how to employ; and many a sorrowful soul has been thus comforted. For her army and her navy, whenever and wherever they serve herself and the country, her solicitude is, and has ever been, intense and vigilant. A thousand instances might be adduced of this, which needs indeed no other proof than the ardent loyalty of those who—from the barrack to the field-marshal's tent, from the forecastle to the admiral's cabin—wear "the Widow's uniform."

When, in 1853, Her Majesty's heart was weighed down with anxiety for her soldiers in the

Crimea, who were severely suffering, it was her own hand which wrote again and again to headquarters directing or suggesting ameliorations. And when Lord Raglan was leaving Windsor to return to his command in the Crimean camp, it is reported that one of the little Princesses said to him : "You must hurry back to Sebastopol, please, Lord Raglan, and take it, or mamma will die of her anxiety."

Not merely in name has our Sovereign Lady been Commander-in-Chief of the naval and military forces of the realm. I have watched with amusement and admiration before now, at a levee in the palace, some general officer of proud renown and superb warlike achievements, crumpling up his white gloves into a ball, and nervously fidgetting from head to foot, with a tremour never felt in the presence of death or of the enemy, as his turn came to pass the barrier and be announced by the Lord Chamberlain to his military superior, Her Majesty the Queen.

I doubt if a better proof could be furnished of this wide and comprehensive royal interest in all her subjects than the fact—slight but significant—that the Queen should have set herself to learn Hindostani, the language of her Indian people, and should have so mastered it as to be able to read and write, as well as to converse in, this lingua franca of the Oriental Peninsula.

There would be risk of being suspected of exaggeration if I attempted to say—as I might speak from my own knowledge—how widely this mark of sincere sympathy and concern has affected the Princes and the peoples of India. The Mohammedans especially, of whom the Queen rules more than sixty millions, and to whom Hindostani as a tongue particularly belongs, have heard with delight and pride of the diary which Her Majesty keeps in Urdu, and at this day "Victoria the Empress" is for the mass of her subjects in India a power, an influence, absolutely immeasurable for the service of peace and obedience, almost touching, among the reverential and susceptible Hindus, the region of the gods.

If these appear to any democratic critic to be appreciations which go beyond fair limits into regions of flattery, I would tell him that both he and I should equally fail in estimating the national and historical values of such a life and such a personality as Queen Victoria's. He may object on principle to the immense and probably the enduring revindication which the reign has given to the monarchical principle. He may feel it almost fatal to his radical theories to see illustrated by this unparalleled reign how national and international history may be modified and controlled by the love, the purity, the dutifulness, and the piety of one woman's heart and soul, because a diadem sate upon her brow, and because her shining, sweet, and august example was set like a city upon a hill.

But, in proportion as he is intelligent and reasonable, he must accept facts ; and if he knows something of the science of dynamics in the physical world, he will be the readier to confess the prodigious social, moral, and political results which cannot but flow from the concentration, upon one subject so near the ideal as this one has grown to appear, of the love, loyalty, and gratitude of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. There are accomplished mathematicians who can compute so nicely the celestial and cosmic forces which, on this side and that, hold planets in their place, that new worlds have been

discovered, not by searching the sky, but by manipulating the calculations. But who shall give us the calculus by which God's blessing to England through this good Queen can be worked out in all its human ramifications and far social effects ?

In abdicating actual power—because in our crowned republic the sovereign rules but does not govern—Victoria found and annexed a whole new Empire for the occupants of the English throne, that of influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said a shrewd statesman, "and anybody who will may make the laws." So might a monarch say : "Let me reign in the hearts of a people, and anybody may be Ministers of the Government !"

I should deem it disrespectful to offer too particular an analysis of the character, too close a picture of the person, of this beloved mistress, whose Imperial individuality is besides so well known from her life, her acts, her books, and the "fierce light which beats upon a throne." The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria have been enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonne aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these her "chair-days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good little wife !" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, "It is your little wife," at which last words the angel of death stayed his hand while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled.

But though this be so, no one who has been honoured by near approach to Her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear, and is so now. The hand which holds the sceptre of the seas is the softest that can be touched; the eyes which have grown dim with labours of state for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can be seen. Not for a day nor for an hour did the Queen ever suspend the performance of her royal and imperial duties during the many sorrows which have fallen upon her, nor in the comparative seclusion which she has sometimes kept.

The Duke of Argyle truly wrote once : "It ought to be known to all the people of this country that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, and those when she has lived necessarily in much retirement, she has omitted no part or portion of that public duty which constantly concerns her as sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she discontinued work in those royal labours which belong to her exalted position."

How great and experienced a statesman she shows herself, every competent British Minister has testified. She is, in fact, the highest living authority upon the practical politics of Europe, and knows and understands constitutional problems with an intellectual grasp which has never been relaxed. It is from a radical and republican source that the subjoined tribute has been culled : "Broadly speaking, it may be fairly said by all her Ministers,

Liberal and Conservative, that she has more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her Foreign Secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an Imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast."

Such, and so great, so useful, so benign, so faithful,—sketched in these most imperfect outlines,—has been and is the Sovereign Lady upon whom sixty years ago the vast burden of the British Empire was laid, and to whom, amid trials and losses as great as could be borne, sorrow and death and destiny have constantly cried :

"Break not, O woman's heart! but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure!"

The noble heart has not broken, because the faith which made Victoria begin this reign upon her knees has sustained the Queen; because the fervent love of the people, given in exchange for her love, has brought her daily strength; and because a mighty and majestic charge, not yet completed,—an Imperial charge involving for her nation immense blessings, and entailing for herself eternal rewards,—was committed by the Almighty God to her chosen and most competent hands, for divine purposes, and with destined ends.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON.

The present age may be designated, and that in a very special sense, both commemorative and monumental. The past thirty years have been distinguished for the number and variety of celebrations which have been held, and still new occasions are upon us bristling with fresh demands for recognition and appropriate review; and calling with increasing emphasis for large expressions of our loyalty and love. The event of the current year, which is already arresting the attention of the world, is the auspicious completion of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign.

The vast and varied populations within the British dominions throughout the globe, are preparing to honour this grand waymark in a manner worthy of an occasion which commemorates not only the longest reign of any English sovereign, but the longest and best reign in the history of the world. All loyal hearts throughout Victoria's widely extended empire are being moved, as never before, with a deep and genuine gratitude, and the universal enthusiasm with which the memorable event promises to be signalized will be richly expressive of the strong attachment which still binds about one-fourth of the population of the globe to her person and her throne.

We are inclined to believe that the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign represent more of real progress and substantial achievement all along the lines which affect a people's true well-being, than can be shown by any similar period in the whole history of the race.

During the years under review,

what changes in the shifting drama of national affairs have occurred, and what an array of once prominent characters have disappeared from the public stage !*

Among the first facts which indicate something of the marvellous advancement of the British nation under our beloved Queen's happy and beneficent reign, we place the immense territorial expansion of the Empire and corresponding increase of population which have marked the past sixty years now under review. A writer in The Nineteenth Century has put the matter clearly and strongly thus :

"The acquisition of foreign territory by Great Britain is without a parallel in the history of the human family. She bears rule over one-third of the surface of the globe (and over nearly one-fourth of its population.) Her possessions abroad are in area sixty times larger than the parent State. She owns three millions and a half of square miles in America, one million each in Africa and Asia, and two and a half millions in Australia. There are thirty-eight different colonies or groups of colonies, varying in area from Gibraltar with its two square miles, to Canada with her three millions and a half. The populations of the colonies aggregate eleven millions and steadily continue to increase."

In 1837, the subjects of the Queen numbered 127,000,000, now they number nearly 300,000,000. The population of the United Kingdom was 26,000,000; now 38,000,000. It is also estimated that 6,000,000 emigrants of British and Irish origin have left Great Britain during the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign. Add these and we find that the rate of increase in the United Kingdom would have been as much as 65 per cent.

The imports of the United Kingdom have increased in sixty years from £66,000,000 to £374,000,000, and the exports from £58,000,000 to £271,000,000. During the same period the imports of the British possessions have increased from £26,000,000 to £216,000,000, and the exports from £30,000,000 to £218,000,000. The public revenues of the United Kingdom have grown since the Queen's accession from £47,240,000 to over £100,000,000 in 1896, and of the British possessions from £23,000,000 to £115,000,000. In 1837 the shipping entered and cleared at ports of the United Kingdom was 9,000,000 tons; this year it will reach 64,000,000 tons. In the sixty years the average entered and cleared at ports in the British possessions has increased from 7,000,000 tons to 80,000,000 tons.*

Another writer on British progress has summarized the material and general advancement which has taken place as follows :

"Since Her Majesty came to the throne her subjects have more than doubled in number ; the trade of the mother country has increased five-fold, and of the British

* A recent writer in *London Public Opinion* is authority for saying that the Queen has outlived "all members of the Privy Council who were alive in 1837. All the peers who held their titles in 1837, except the Earl of Darnley, who was ten, and Earl Neilson, who was fourteen in that year. All the members who sat in the House of Commons on her accession to the throne, except Mr. Gladstone, Charles Villiers, the present Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Mexborough, the Earl of Mansfield, and John Temple Leader. Her Majesty has seen eleven Lord Chancellors, ten Prime Ministers, six Speakers of the House of Commons, at least three bishops of every see, and five or six of many sees. Five Archbishops of Canterbury, and six Archbishops of York and five Commanders-in-chief. She has seen five Dukes of Norfolk succeed each other as Earls Marshal, and has outlived every duke and duchess and every marquis and marchioness who bore the rank in 1837. She has seen seventeen Presidents of the United States, ten Viceroys of Canada, fifteen Viceroys of India, and France successively ruled by one king, one emperor and six presidents of a Republic."

* It is not claimed that the statistics here given are absolutely accurate, it being difficult to get figures up to date. They are, however, sufficiently exact for the purpose of comparison.—Ed.

possessions eight-fold. The public revenue has nearly doubled at home, and increased five-fold in the possessions of the Empire. The shipping has increased in the British Isles nine-fold, and in the Colonies eleven-fold. In the same period railway, telegraph, steamboat construction, improvements in machinery, and the appliances and facilities for travel and trade have grown to gigantic proportions. These are marvellous figures of material progress within one reign. But what is quite as important is the fact that the enlightenment, enfranchisement, and bettered condition of the masses, the growth of civil liberty, of art and culture, have kept pace with the vast strides in population, trade and wealth."

But the most vital and influential elements in a nation's life and history are the moral and religious. The record in Church work, Sabbath-schools, Home and Foreign Missions, and the various departments of Christian activity, during the Victorian era, stands unexampled by any similar period in the past. The givings of the people for the support of definite religious objects have increased year by year, and the rapidity with which additional humane and religious agencies have sprung into existence has been truly surprising. In the list of anniversaries held in London in the month of May, we counted about two hundred different benevolent and religious organizations meeting for review of the year's work and for the further development of the various noble ends they have in view. In 1837 the expenses of the British and Foreign Bible Society were in the vicinity of half a million of dollars; for the present year the outlay will reach nearly one million and a quarter of dollars. And of the total issues of about one hundred and fifty million copies of the Scriptures, about one hundred and forty millions have been sent forth during the same period.

In a special sense Great Britain may be said to be the great missioner of the globe, and its capability for larger endeavours for the world's evangelization is increasing from year to year.

"The legislative achievements of the last sixty years in England are most imposing, as they are sketched by Mr. Gladstone. Slavery has been abolished, the rigours of the old Criminal Code have disappeared, the combination of laws which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labour have been repealed, the abuses of the Poor Law have been done away with, the labourer has better security for life and limb, and fuller assurance of the compensation of survivors in case of death, the scandals of labour in mines and factories have been removed or reduced, the people have good schools, and are under legal obligation to use the privilege. Postage has been cheapened, and information through a free press, which was formerly cut off from the multitude by a stringent tax, is now at easy command. They are more lightly taxed, and taxes are paid to the State for needful government, instead of to the wealthy classes. Added to these are the removal of religious disabilities, the abolition of Church rates, reform in the laws of marriage, abrogation of the University tests, benefits conferred on farmers by the Ground and Game Act, flogging abolished in the Army, and the press-gang in the Navy, purchase has ceased to be the means of obtaining military promotion, posts in the civil service have been opened to character and talent, without distinction of class, and right has begun—though with a checkered history—to assert itself against wrong in the government of the Irish people."

With these glowing descriptions of the varied achievements and advancements secured under Her Majesty's reign, it is not for us to say whether the future shall be as the past, or whether events transpire which shall arrest the onward and upward movement of the most powerful nation in the world to-day. With its national life and character so deeply rooted in the soil of a grand historic past, and perpetually nourished by the rich spoils of past generations and the progressive influences and principles of to-day, there is no danger of exhaustion or decay. On the

contrary, the ever-widening tendencies of the time seem to indicate a still firmer consolidation and unity of the Empire which, if realized, will give additional lustre to the British throne and secure for it a still larger increase of authority and power among the peoples of the world.

Our beloved Queen has furthered to the utmost of her power all the elements of progress which have distinguished her lengthened and auspicious reign. She has given a bright personal example, which every sovereign may well copy. The people will celebrate her jubilee in thankfulness for the past and hopefulness for a still more glorious future.

We cannot better close our article than by quoting the National Anthem, as adapted for the current year :

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through sixty years,
Seed sown in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap ;
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide
Hear when we call ;
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Shall be our anthem sung ;
God save us all.

Bathurst, N.B.

REJOICE !

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Rejoice ! rejoice !
Though there hangeth a dark cloud o'er us,
Rejoice ! rejoice !
For the hope that beams before us,—
The bright, bright hope of a blissful life,
In the land where can enter no sin nor strife ;
Where death is not known, neither weakness nor pain ;
And voices of grief will be never again—
But songs of deep joy, as the sound of a river,
Shall flow on, unbroken, forever and ever !

Rejoice ! rejoice !
The cloud hath a golden lining !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
And yield no place to repining,
In the hearts whose affections are centred above,
With Christ, our Redeemer, whose wonderful love,
In that land where no evil thing ever can come,
Prepareth for us an enduring home—
And will give us a part in the anthems of gladness
Which well up from hearts that shall know no more sadness !

Rejoice ! rejoice !
Yea, even through tribulation !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
In the God of our salvation,
Who will lead us, at last, from life's darkened way,
To the shadowless glory of heavenly day,
Through ages unending with Him to abide
Where the river of praise pours its jubilant tide—
And the cloud, now so sombre, shall show the clear shining,
Year after blest year,—of its marvellous lining !

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

BY MISS M. MURRAY.

"I take her for the flower of womankind."

PRINCESS ALICE.

Among the beautiful characters which grace the history of the last fifty years, none illumines its pages with a more peculiar lustre than does that of the second daughter of the Queen, and the mother of the present Czarina of Russia. In the truest meaning of the word a Princess,—a King's daughter—from her life on every side shines that beauty which finds its highest expression in the character of an ideal woman.

Born April 25th, 1843, she passed her early years happily and uneventfully among the merry group in the royal nursery. The Queen and the Prince Consort spared no trouble in the education of their children. Despite the pressure of state duties, they found much time to be among them, to mould lovingly and wisely these young souls so especially committed to their care. We find the Queen writing of her second little Princess as a bright, sunny little fairy, all smiles and dimples, "the beauty of the family, and a very vain little person." Again she calls her "the very dearest little bijou."

This wee morsel of royalty soon began to win all hearts. For, while her abundant vitality found full vent in out-door sports and fun of all sorts, from the first she showed that heart overflowing with love and tenderness which so strongly characterized her maturer years. A pretty story is told of her, night after night, on going to bed, slipping under her pillow a tiny silver box, containing a bit of the tail and of the mane of her favourite horse.

Although she never had the brilliant intellectual activity of her elder sister, the Princess Royal, like her father, she showed an intense love for the beautiful in nature and in art, combined with remarkable powers of observation. In her studies she always excelled in music and painting rather than in other branches. As she grew older, her adoration for her father led her to be his especial companion. Whenever possible, she was with him, riding or walking, until she became thoroughly imbued with his spirit.

When the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Frederic of Prussia (afterwards Emperor of Germany), made the first break in the family circle, the Princess Alice, although only fifteen years old, and still

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"

bravely filled the vacant place of eldest daughter. She became more than ever a companion to her father and mother. When released from the rigid discipline of the schoolroom, she often went with the Queen to see the poor or sick, and thus early "learned the luxury of doing good." On her father's Highland excursions, she was always by his side, ready to climb the steepest mountain. From this time on, she studied, under the guidance of both parents, the many problems of national life in Europe, which were constantly demanding their deepest thought, and some of which were afterwards to mean so much to this gentle girl.

In the spring of 1860, the Prince Consort, writing to a friend, says, "Alice has become a handsome young woman of graceful form and graceful presence, and is a help and stay to us all in the house." Is it then any wonder that when, that same summer, Prince Louis of Hesse and his brother came over on a visit to Windsor Castle, love once more proved himself "lord of all," and the close of the year found "two hearts bound fast in one with golden chains."

The betrothal was not one to satisfy an ambitious girl. Prince Louis was neither wealthy nor influential. He had, however, a warm, noble nature, and as the Princess desired a happy home life rather than wealth or power, the young couple were, in the words of the Prince Consort, "As happy as mortals could be,"

> "Love took up the glass of Time and turned it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

But the dark cloud, as yet "no bigger than a man's hand," was gathering on their bright sky. In March, the Queen's first great personal loss came in the death of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The grief of the Queen was naturally very deep. During this first trial, the Princess Alice showed the combined strength and tenderness of her nature. And well it was that she could be such a support and comfort to her royal mother, for the shadow of a great sorrow was approaching, which was soon to darken that happy home.

During all this spring and summer the Prince Consort was far from well, although unwilling to give up social and public duties, even after the doctors had pronounced the case low fever. Through all his illness the Princess was with him much, reading softly with that "sweet, penetrating voice, so like the Queen's," or playing and singing his favourite hymns. The afternoon of December 8th, his last Sabbath on earth, she spent alone with him, while the rest of the family were at church. She felt that she must soon lose this beloved father, but through it all the young heart was very brave. Despite the agony of spirit, she read and sang on with calm face and unbroken voice, leaving the burning tears and bitter cries of anguish for the eye of the Heavenly Father alone.

On December 14th, 1861, the end came. Then, indeed, it was that the Princess Alice showed the marvellous strength and self-control of her nature. Putting aside all feelings of personal loss, she stood between the world and her broken-hearted mother during those days when the weight of grief seemed about to crush the widowed Queen to the earth. By loving care and tactful drawing out of her sympathies towards others, she won the Queen back to life and some degree of activity.

How the people at large appreciated this, and how dear she was becoming to them, may be seen from an extract from The Times:

"It is impossible to speak too highly of the strength of mind and self-sacrifice shown by Princess Alice during these dreadful days. Her Royal Highness has certainly understood that it was her duty to be the help and support of her mother in her great sorrow, and it was in a great measure due to her that the Queen has been able to bear with such wonderful resignation the irreparable loss that so suddenly and terribly befell her."

At last, on July 1st, 1862, after so many months of waiting, Prince Louis received his bride. The ceremony took place very quietly in the dining-room at Osborne, and, a few days later, after a short honeymoon at St. Clare, came the parting from the old home and the old life. Many a blessing and many a heart-felt prayer for her happiness followed the English Princess as she set sail for her new home in a foreign land.

On their arrival in Darmstadt, Prince Louis and his bride received a royal welcome. Whereever they went they were met by addresses, music, or flowers. For a while they made their home in the palace of Prince Charles. The rooms prepared for the Princess were small, but very pretty, and, as she says, "quite English." How full her cup of happiness was during this summer may be gathered from an extract from a letter to the Queen: "If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough—it is a love and esteem which increases, daily, hourly; which he also shows to me by such consideration, such tender, loving ways. What was life before to what it has become now!"

That winter was passed in England, cheering the loneliness of the Queen, and when the Princess and her husband returned home in the spring, they took with them a little daughter lovingly named Victoria. Motherhood and a free, happy, home life daily enriched this deep, loving nature. Brought up in the strictness of the English court, she found it delightful to come and go, to market or elsewhere, as she pleased. She visited much among the needy and suffering, and, on one occasion, with her own hands, tidied up the sick-room of a poor woman, smoothed down her bed, cooked some food for her, and even bathed the sore eyes of the wee baby.

So passed on these bright days, the quiet of her domestic life broken only by a trip now and then to England, or by a visit from her sister, "dear Vicky," the Crown Princess of Prussia, or from other members of the Royal Family. Once again, however, the angel of death was hovering over them. First went her sister-in-law, Princess Anna, "Das Prinzesschen," as she was fondly called by all; then her Russian cousin, the Czarewitch. These sad partings only called from the Princess the earnest prayer: "Oh, that I may die having done my work, and not sinned with omission to do what is good, the fault into which it is easiest to fall." After that came the death of "Uncle Leopold," King of the Belgians, to whom the Queen had always looked as to a father, and the Princess was constrained to write to her mother: "The future world seems so like a real home, for there are so many dear ones to meet again."

In March, 1866, Prince Louis and his family moved into their new palace, "which," the Princess writes enthusiastically, "reminds me a little of Osborne, Buckingham Palace, and even of Balmoral." Scarcely had she begun to feel settled in this new home, where, for the first time since her marriage, she could indulge fully her artistic tastes, when the war-cloud broke over Prussia and Austria. As one looks at the great power of the united Ger-

many of to-day, it is hard to realize that such a short time ago it was for the most part broken up into a number of small duchies, ruled by independent sovereigns. At this time a number of these were allies of Austria, and in the event of war between that country and Prussia and her allies, would be compelled to draw the sword against many of their own countrymen. This was particularly painful to the Princess Alice and her husband, as Hesse-Darmstadt belonged to the Bund, and duty compelled Prince Louis to fight not only against his brother-in-law of Prussia, but even against his own two brothers.

Bravely did the Princess, although in delicate health, help on the preparations for war, getting ready the hospitals, collecting beds and even sending to her mother for a supply of linen. The war came almost to their doors, and while the Princess lay ill in bed, she could hear the firing of the guns, and knew that her husband was in the thickest of the fight. On July 3rd, Austria was decisively beaten, and made peace with her conqueror. Prussia would not, however, even make a truce with the smaller German states. The Hessians suffered terribly, as the Grand Duke was, for a long time, unwilling to give way, and recognize the supremacy of Prussia. Still the struggle went on. The Princess, like a brave soldier's wife, although weak and lonely, never thought of herself. Wives and mothers daily brought their sorrows to her sympathizing heart, which was never so filled with its own anxieties that it was not ready to hear and help the troubles of others. The end we all know. Prussia, thenceforth, was supreme.

This comparatively miniature war seemed but a preparation for the terrible conflict which took place in 1870-71, when war was declared between France and Germany. In this struggle private wrongs were forgotten and all Germany rose as one man, knit by a common love for the fatherland. Once more the Princess must part from her husband. We see her, like any other soldier's wife, late in the evening, walking with him to the outskirts of the village, where he was quartered, bidding him a faltering good-bye.

The Crown Princess was very anxious for her sister to go to Berlin and stay with her during this time, but she received the characteristic reply : " My place is here. I am in beloved Louis' home, and nearer to him if I remain here. I hope and pray for the best, and bear what is sent to me in common with so many others." Once more she took her place in caring for the wounded, both French and German, and preparing waggons and nurses to go to the battlefield. All winter this cruel war went on, and it was not until March, 1871, that the victorious German troops returned home, and this faithful wife was reunited to her husband.

In June of the next year, the Princess writes to her mother of the arrival of her fourth daughter, whom she describes as " a nice little thing like Ella, only smaller, and with finer features, though the nose promises to be long;" and she adds, " We think of calling our little girl Alix Helena Louisa Beatrice." She it is who now holds the exalted position of Czarina of all the Russias, and who is brightening the life of one of the most hard-working and responsible of earthly sovereigns.

The Princess Alice was passionately fond of her children, and on a beautiful May morning, in 1873, the mother's heart suffered that terrible blow which was in reality " the beginning of the end." Her darling, Frittie, the little boy who had come to her during that lonely winter of the Franco-Prussian war,

was running between her bedroom and dressing-room, playing with his elder brother, Ernest, when a cry was heard, and before the Princess could reach the window, her baby was lying a little lifeless white heap on the terrace below.

In 1877, Prince Louis became Grand Duke of Hesse, and with the increasing cares and responsibilities of position, the Princess' health did not improve. Still she was bright and cheerful, ever first in all good works, and living under the inspiration of her Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Soon after, her little daughter, Princess Victoria, was taken ill with what the doctor pronounced the dreaded scourge diphtheria, and a few days later the rest of the children and the Grand Duke. The Princess Alice was overwhelmed with grief, but, like David in his sore bereavement, when they told her that her "sweet Maysie" was gone, she bowed with meek submission and said, "It is God's will."

The other children were so ill that she dared not tell them that they had lost their little sister. When Prince Ernie would talk of May, and send his love and his prettiest toys, the Princess would smilingly answer him, although it tore her very heart. But, as they bore her darling babe away, the mother overcame the Princess, and we see a heart-broken woman, weeping bitterly.

In spite of all her care, by some chance or other, Prince Ernie learnt that his little sister was dead. He was still very weak, and his suffering on hearing of the loss was so intense that his mother instinctively, in utter forgetfulness of the doctor's warnings, pressed him to her heart, and gave him the "kiss of death." She was soon taken ill. From the first there was little hope of her recovery, and the doctors had to tell her husband, who was now but partially recovered, that she must die. When he came in to see her, she smiled brightly. That evening, after reading a letter from her mother, she lay back, saying, "Now, I will go to sleep again." Early the next morning, she murmured, "May—dear papa," and the beautiful spirit passed away.

All that was mortal of England's darling Princess was taken to the mausoleum at Rosenhohe, and placed between "little Frittie" and "sweet Maysie."

Never was woman more truly mourned. By the force of her own sweet, strong, womanly character, she made a place for herself in the hearts of all who knew her, so that even now she "being dead, yet speaketh," and wherever the English tongue is spoken, the words "Princess Alice" carry with them the thought of

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command;
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel light."

Kingston, Ont.

THE PALACE AT DARMSTADT.

THE MORAL TEACHING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

It is an indisputable fact, that the trend of a good deal of the theological thought of our times is in the direction of depreciating the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. The current disparagement of doctrinal beliefs, even though based on Scripture, the exaltation of the heathen religions, the theory that the Scriptures are the product of natural evolution, and the claim that every believer may go to the living Christ and receive direct revelations of truth—all are exaggerations of truth which tend to substitute something else for the written word, in a way that depreciates its value and authority.

It is easy to see how any one of these theories may be presented in a manner that would free those who accepted it from depending on the Bible as the only rule of faith and conduct. It is not going too far to say, that the chief danger to Christian faith in our day comes from the acceptance of theories which indirectly undermine the authority of the Bible.

Prominent among the signs of this tendency are the assaults on the moral teaching of the Old Testament. It is alleged that it presents unworthy conceptions of God, and that actions are recorded as being done with divine approval, which indicate a low moral standard, inconsistent with the claim for the Book of being divinely inspired and containing a revelation from God. The alleged unscientific character of the Bible need not be referred to here, as this objection has often been answered.

The Christianity of the New Testament is so largely built upon the Old Testament, and the divine authority of the latter is so fully recognized by our Lord and the inspired writers of the New Testament, that it cannot be thrown overboard, as if it was a weight that it was desirable to cast off, and to cut loose from which would be an advantage to Christianity. This is a grave error; the two Testaments must stand or fall together.

A suggestive controversy on this subject took place not long ago in The North American Review. That able writer, Prof. Goldwin Smith, who in late years has done much more to give public expression to sceptical objections, than to strengthen faith, or help the benighted into the light, published an article in which he characterized the Old Testament as "Christianity's Millstone." In this article he furbished up those objections to the Old Testament, which have been regarded as the special stock-in-trade of sceptics and infidels, and presented them with unsparing vigour and fulness of arraignment.

A reply to this article was published in the same periodical by Dr. G. C. Workman. The main line of this reply was to the effect that Dr. Smith's objections only applied to certain views of the Bible, but were without force against scholars who accept the results of scientific Biblical criticism. Dr. Smith admitted the main contention in this reply. He intimated that it was not against those who hold Dr. Workman's views of Bible inspiration that his objections were directed; but against those who hold the belief of the orthodox Churches.

I have no intention of here entering into a discussion of the points raised in this article. This would involve an examination of the whole question of inspiration. I may say, however, that the theory of plenary verbal inspiration, which assumes every word in the Bible, in historic chronicles as well as in prophecy, to be dictated by the Holy Spirit, is open to serious objections. It is not affirmed in the Scriptures. It is inconsistent with the use made of historic documents, and with the varying accounts of the same events, and the different styles of the sacred writers. This view, which is not now very widely held, gives undue force to objections that are based on some special incidents recorded in Scripture, which are deemed unworthy or immoral. But of this theory, even so sound a critic as Principal Cave says: "Whatever be the popular conception of inspiration, it would be difficult to find adherents of this mechanical theory among theological writers of to-day." From this it may be seen that such objections as those referred to are mainly based on assumptions as to what Christians believe about the Bible, which few theologians will accept or defend.

On the other hand, the theory which regards the Old Testament as the product of evolution, and the inspiration of prophets and apostles as similar to the afflatus of the poet, breaks the force of the sceptical objections against the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, by surrendering those characteristics which constitute the ground of its claim to inspiration in the Scriptural and historic sense. If we lower the Bible to the level of the sacred books of heathenism, only claiming for it some degree of superiority, and magnify the human element in Scripture and minify or ignore the divine and supernatural, in order to evade the force of sceptical objections against the Old Testament, we pay a great price for an empty victory. Such a victory is defeat; for it gives up the very claim against which the heaviest artillery of the enemy has been directed; viz., the divine authority of the teaching of the Bible.

The question, whether the Old Testament teaching is immoral or not, should be decided apart from all theories of inspiration. If its religious precepts were shown to be immoral, this would be a legitimate argument against the divine inspiration of such teaching. But some things being in the Bible, which do not comport with a modern unbeliever's ideas of what it should contain, is not a proof that its standard of right and duty is immoral and false. The alleged immoral teaching must be first fairly proved, before it can be used as an argument against the divine inspiration of the Book.

It is worthy of being noted, however, that the objections to the morality of the Old Testament are mainly based on incidents in the narrative portions of Scripture, which were either reproductions of previous records, or statements of things within the personal knowledge of the writers. No theologian maintains that these chronicles were special revelations from heaven. We believe these historical writers were truthful and trustworthy; but even if these records contained a mistake or error on any point, this would certainly not disprove the inspiration of the prophets, who proclaimed great religious truths and predicted coming events, which only God could have revealed to them.

We are not shut up to the acceptance of either the rationalist or the verbal theory of inspiration. It is better to come to the study of the Bible without any preconceived

theory; and to form our judgment of it from the character of its contents and the testimony of the prophets and apostles, as to the way in which they received their revelations of truth. An eminent Biblical scholar, who has written with learning and rare discrimination on the inspiration of the Old Testament, says: "The prophets represented themselves as peculiarly the confidants, and therefore the messengers, of Deity; and our entire examination of their position has strengthened our convictions of the truthfulness of these speakers for God." Every unbiased student of the Hebrew prophecies will be led to a similar conclusion.

The methods by which some writers have tried to show that the moral teaching of the Old Testament is "crude and low," cannot be commended for their fairness. To select as proofs of this charge exceptional events, like those of Jael and Sisera, Samuel and Agag, and the slaughter of the Canaanites, and to pass over the moral and religious teaching of "the Law and the Prophets," is certainly not the way to get a true idea of the ethical standard of the Hebrew Scriptures. It is freely admitted that there are incidents in the Old Testament which indicate a lower moral standard than that of the New Testament or the present time. But though we do not regard the Scriptures as a product of evolution, we admit that, as time went on, the Old Testament itself shows a development of doctrine and moral teaching. The fuller revelation of God's will shed clearer light on the duties of life. It is not generally deemed just to judge the acts of even good men, by the standards of a time of greater light than that in which they lived.

We would not accept the deeds of wickedness, which take place in Christian countries, as an evidence that the moral standard of the New Testament was "low and crude." The conduct of people generally falls below their standard of right. Why should a different rule be applied to the people of Israel? Our Lord, though He appeals to the authority of these Scriptures, intimates that some, at least, of these laws were given by Moses, in consideration of the condition of the people for whom they were intended.

Those who uphold the moral teaching of the Old Testament are not disposed to imitate the practice of the "higher critics," and declare that every passage which does not agree with their views is an interpolation. But we do say, when we have the mind of God revealed in clear statements of human duty, we cannot easily be justified in ascribing to Him an approval of deeds, which His own laws and precepts positively forbid, even though some things may be hard to explain. These moral precepts and truths are so numerous and explicit, that we are not left to exceptional and ambiguous incidents to know what the God of Israel approved, or to judge of the standard of morals among the Hebrew people.

We can best judge of the moral ideas of a people by their conceptions of God and duty. Tried by this standard the ethics of the Hebrew people were far from being low and crude. First of all, there should be a just recognition of the high ethical code embodied in the Ten Commandments. Even critics, who dislocate the Pentateuch into conflicting fragments, admit the early date of the "ten words." Here the worship of the one living and true God is enjoined; idolatry and irreverence are forbidden; the observance of a day of sacred rest and obedience to parents are commanded; mur-

der, dishonesty, adultery, and falsehood are solemnly forbidden; and even selfish covetous desires are branded with divine condemnation. No one can truthfully say, that a people recognizing their obligation to observe such a moral code had a low ethical standard.

Men's conceptions of God indicate the character of their morality and religion. We know that ancient nations whose claims to culture and intelligence were not small, represented their deities as revelling in the same guilty vices as their worshippers. But what is the character of the God of the Old Testament? "A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He." (Deut. xxxii. 4.) "I am the Almighty God, walk before me and be thou perfect." (Gen. xvii. 1.) It is admitted that the imperfection of language may have sometimes caused the ascription of human feelings to God. But in the eagerness of some to represent the God of Israel as a cruel tyrant, the glorious representations of His mercy and goodness, contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, are thrust out of sight. To Moses He revealed Himself as "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth." (Ex. xxxiv. 6.) The fatherhood of God was not, as some say, unknown till revealed by Christ. These Hebrew saints rejoiced to know that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (Psalm ciii. 13.) They knew that "the Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." (Psalm xxxiv. 18.) One of the early writing prophets says: "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy." (Micah vii. 18.)

The Old Testament ideas of the duty of men to each other are worthy of their divine source. The same prophet just quoted gives this comprehensive summary of duty: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 8.) To the question: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place?" the answer is: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." (Psalm xxiv. 16.) The Hebrew prophets faithfully condemned all forms of wrong-doing, because it was a settled principle of their faith, that "the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." (Psalm xxxiv. 16.) They denounced all unrighteousness with such searching power, that there is no form of wickedness in the earth to-day which does not come under their righteous denunciations.

We fully recognize the "grace and truth" that came by Jesus Christ. It is not, however, necessary to disparage the Old Testament, in order to honour the greater light of the dispensation of the Spirit. The Old Testament representations of the majesty and goodness of God—its denunciations of all oppression and injustice—its rich treasures of godly experience—its lofty conception of personal righteousness—its sympathy with the poor and downtrodden—its prophetic revelations of great truths—and its inspiring predictions of the world's Redeemer, disprove, as with a voice from heaven, the unjust allegation that the moral teaching of the Old Testament is "low and crude."

NOR'ARD OF THE DOGGER.

BY THE REV. J. G. ANGWIN.

A PASTORAL CALL IN THE DOWNS.

M. D. S. F. There has been developed in these latter days an almost infinite number and variety of combinations in capitals, the meanings of which are not by any means upon the surface. The little daughter of the fisherman, who had found Christ "Nor'ard of the Dogger," and had brought the Saviour home in his heart, to sweeten and beautify the family life in the cottage by the sea, translated the mystery as—"Mother Doesn't Scold Father" when she saw the letters embroidered on the breast of a new guernsey which the father wore. This translation was a tribute to the value of the "Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," which was originated by Mr. E. J. Mather in 1881, and is still prosecuted with zeal and success. A recent article in this magazine, from the pen of Dr. Grenfell, indicates that the work of the mission has been extended to this side of the ocean, and has, under earnest labours of the missionaries, been made a blessing to many of our own people of Canada and Newfoundland.

We are scarcely to be blamed if, largely, we are ignorant that the North Sea is one of the most important fishing grounds off the British coasts; and that more than twelve thousand men are employed there in prosecuting deep sea fisheries during every month of every year. The magnitude of the fresh fish trade of London is scarcely to be estimated by those who dwell inland, nor indeed by

those who may, on our own coasts, be interested in similar industries. We can least of all estimate the peril and danger which surround these men, when, too far from land to run for shelter, they are compelled, in the dreariest winter weather, to ride out the severest gales or founder.

Inquiry and examination elicited the fact that in one of the fleets, manned by 1,500 men and boys, "Could anything be done for these men?" was the question which agitated Mr. Mather's mind and which at last launched the enterprise, some of the incidents of which it is our pleasure to chronicle.

Something could have been done by distributing among the smacksmen, as they left their home port, a few thousands more or less of tracts and other religious publica-

"BOOKS AND 'BACKEY."

scarcely a score of professing Christians were to be found—that the men when at sea were subject to temptations to drink and gamble, and brought ashore with them the habits they had contracted on board their smacks—that at all seasons they were in constant danger of severe maiming, and often of instant death, through accidents of various kinds, some arising from the perils of the sea, some from the frenzy of strong drink.

tions. But such work would have been ineffectual as cheap. Earnest, honest labour, rightly directed and wisely brought into operation, by which humanity's helpful hand might actually touch the needs and encounter the difficulties of the situation, was needed.

Not the least of these difficulties was the presence with each fleet of one or more "copers." A coper is a floating grog-shop and gambling hell, which at times

covers up its nefarious trade with the more honest sale of tobacco and a few articles of clothing. These copers were, for the most part, Belgian, and providing the fisherman's luxury, tobacco, at a much cheaper rate than it could be purchased on English soil, used the article as a decoy duck. The fisherman, coming on board the coper for his tobacco, was tempted with strong drink, and not often in vain. The results were always sad, and sometimes tragic. One of the men tells a terrible tale.

FERRYING THE FISH—BAD WEATHER.

"Well," he says, "it came about in this way. The weather was very calm, and one fine mornin' six skippers came aboard early and spent the hours drinking spirits. By about midday several of 'em were lyin' about the deck dead drunk; others were muddled and stupid, but some of 'em seemed as if the drink had all gone to their brain, and turned 'em raving mad. I wish that was the end of the story. It always makes me stop an' think it over, and collect myself when I tells this 'ere yarn. As I was sayin', some of 'em were just like maniacs with the drink they'd stowed aboard, and presently one of 'em goes tearin' and swearin' about the deck, an' then tuk a leap straight bang over into the sea!

"We, all of us as were sober, rushed to the side the very moment he jumped overboard, but quick as we were, we were only just in time to see him right away down in the clear blue water, just like a tiny speck far below us, an' in another second he was gone out of sight forever."

To cope with the coper, or trader, as the word means, was a difficulty of colossal magnitude, but it was successfully met—met by the use of the same decoy duck. After many efforts the mission secured from the Customs the privilege of taking tobacco out to the fleets in bond, that is, without duty, and as if for export. This

permitted the sale of the weed to the smacksmen at as cheap a rate as the coper.

A visitor to Bridge House, the mission headquarters, would be interested to notice a procession of men, each of whom carries a heavy tobacco case down the steps to Blackfriars Pier, and presently a wherry is observed, putting off into the stream, rowed by a couple of stout Thames watermen. If we follow the boat we shall see her pull alongside the tier of fish-carriers, and her load of cases hoisted out upon the steamer's deck. Two days later, they arrive at their destination and are transferred from the steam carrier to the mission-smack. This process is not unobserved by the crews of surrounding vessels. They scent the prey from afar, and presently swoop down in eager crowds upon the vessel bearing the blue label. Tobacco cases are promptly burst open, bags of books, illustrated papers and magazines, are freely distributed, and there is a brisk al fresco sale of woollen mufflers, mittens, and so forth. It not unfrequently happens that the cruising library is all cleared out within an hour of the steamer's arrival.

Here is a smacksman's opinion of the whole matter: "In the whole fleet there won't be no church, no Gospel, no book to read, not a bit of help noway to the poor fellows—nothin' but the coper, leastways not unless one of the mission-ships has joined the fleet. If you'd been among the trawlers as long as I've been, and knew their life as well, you'd wonder they weren't ten times coarser nor they be. No home, no church, no preacher, no Bible—leastways not save the Christian men, and there are some good

BRINGING PATIENT ON BOARD.

'uns—no anything but the coper. That's what trawlers need, somethin' better nor the coper. If you want to help the trawlers you must do it at the fleets."

That fisherman was right. The best time to help the trawlers is when they are cut off from every other source of help.

The presence of the men on board the mission-smack for their supply of books gives opportunity for holding many an impromptu prayer-meeting and for much quiet personal work. Under such circumstances, the seed is frequently sown which afterwards bears fruit unto life everlasting.

Every mission-smack is fitted up with a well equipped dispensary. The captain is always trained in "How to give first help to the wounded," and has been taught to prescribe for ordinary ailments, so that in the absence of a properly qualified physician the suffering need not remain without efficient help. This is a boon highly prized and often brought into requisition. Broken limbs, mangled hands, crushed in handling trawl gear, or bruised between the carrier and boat in the attempts to transfer fish trunks in a heavy sea —contusions and wounds of many kinds are all too common.

The skipper of the mission-ship Cholmondeley writes : "Last voyage a great deal of medical work was done in the fleet. In one case a poor lad came on board who had been struck by a rope, which had made a terrible gash in his cheek, and he had at the same time fallen on a piece of iron and cut his head badly. We dressed his wounds, and by doing so the skipper was able to keep him at sea, for in a day or two he was well enough to be back at his work."

From the Albatross the following is reported : "A man was brought on board with his ankle dislocated. I put the poor fellow's leg up, and sent him away to

TEA AFTER SERVICE.

his own vessel much relieved, and very thankful for what we had done for him. After No. 1 patient had left, another came with his wrist strained and badly swollen ; then a man came aboard with his hand poisoned; after dressing it I spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"JACK, WHAT ABOUT YOUR RELIGION NOW?"

From these brief reports it will be seen that while care is given to the body and its sufferings are relieved, the soul is not neglected. Occasionally as the opportunity may offer, as well week day as Sabbath—when the air is still and the sea like oil, the men gather from far and near for a North Sea session of worship. Oh, ye dilletante dwellers on terra firma, who weary with a service that much exceeds an hour in length, here is a genuine protracted meeting. The congregation is composed of rough fishermen, seated on fish boxes on the deck of a sixty ton smack. The leader of the service is the founder of the mission, and he has with him two or three others who have come to see and enjoy the new experiences connected with missioning on the North Sea.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name" rolls over the sea, and is followed by an extempore prayer and the petition taught by our Lord himself, all joining, as they devoutly kneel upon the deck. Several other hymns and prayers follow, and at the suggestion of a fine old skipper, the service is turned into an "experience meetin'," which proved by far the most interesting part of the day's proceedings. First the old skipper rose and said :

"Bless the Lord, I've been on His side for forty years. As I stand here to-day and look around on this large congregation gathered willingly together on the deck of this floating house of God, and then in my mind's eye look back to the time, not so very long ago, when there were only two besides myself in this great fleet who 'knew the joyful sound,' I am lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Friends, my heart's too full to say much to-day, but this I say before you all, I rejoice that I've been spared to see this day, and I feel inclined like Simeon to say, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

Then Skipper Joe burst forth in a song of praise. In quick succession, testimony after testimony is given to the good which had been wrought on board the Bethel-ship. One told that at a valedictory prayer-meeting, at a close of a two months' voyage, out of nineteen skippers who were present, seventeen had learned to trust the Saviour on board the Bethel ship. Prayer followed testimony, and testimony succeeded to prayer, while praise, heartfelt and soulful, welded testimony and prayer together.

The hours had flown by. With the exception of a brief half-hour for refreshment on deck, there had been a continuous service from 10.30 a.m. The evening is drawing on, and the protracted meeting closes with the Scriptures, read from the capstan head. As the clock struck seven, the congregation separated. In the bright moonlight the company on the mission-ship talk over the wondrous day and its events.

Gladly would we linger over these triumphs of the Gospel on the stormy waves of the German Ocean. Results we cannot tabulate or even guess at. Every voyage of the mission-ships,—there are many now engaged,—the little one has grown, not into a thousand, but into a sturdy strength, successes multiply, souls are saved, homes are brightened, God is glorified.

One of the best features of the work is found in the complete victory gained over the prejudices of the smack owners, who at first were, if not opposed to, scarcely to be considered in sympathy with the mission and its work. Now, year by year constantly increasing subscriptions are forthcoming, and in various ways sympathy with the work is shown.

The right to bear the title "Royal" was not early accorded to the enterprise. In 1887, Her Majesty became, through the influence of the Princess Christian, interested in the work, and sent in her first donation of £50. This was followed in the same year by the Queen becoming a patron, which honour was specifically stated not to "carry with it the right of calling the society 'Royal.'" Subsequently this privilege was bestowed, and now the mission is known as the "Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen." These proofs of royal sympathy have produced deep thankfulness in the promoters of the mission, and also have an undoubted effect upon the public mind, in quickening existing interest, and awakening inquiry in quarters where the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen is at present unknown. The effect upon the smacksmen, true and loyal subjects already, will be to deepen their devotion to Her Majesty's person and the realm.

Burlington, N.S.

"Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove;
Thou, who art victor and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!"

—*Wordsworth.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE PARK.

While we have been looking at George Ford quite another scene has been enacting in the fireman's cottage.

In accordance with his expectation, Edward Trethyn had found the fireman at home and alone.

"Come in, Mr. Edward, and welcome," exclaimed Seth Roberts on answering Edward's knock at the door. "I'm right glad to see you. Take this chair, Mr. Edward, and draw it close up to the fire; it's summat raw to-night."

"Thank you," said Edward, and immediately placed his chair on the opposite side of the fire to Seth's.

"You've brought me some news?" queried the fireman presently.

"Yes; bad news," answered Edward.

The fireman's face was a study, and its quickly changing colours spoke volumes for what he felt within. Both surprise and fear expressed themselves in his countenance, and he could scarcely find words to speak. When he did his voice was hoarse and broken.

"Can it be possible?" he gasped.

"I'm more than sorry to say that it is," answered Edward, toying with his hat and gloves. "And the worst of it is that nothing on earth or in heaven will alter my father's determination once he has made up his mind. He's as—but there, I mustn't say all I feel."

"We have the purchase-money all ready," said the fireman in a pleading voice, yet with a startled tone. "The plot is hardly worth £50, but we have £200 in hand already. Our people never contemplated another refusal. Under no conditions, will he not sell it?"

Edward shook his head demurely.

"His mind is made up," he said.

"Will he not, then, lease it for a number of years, say 99?"

Again Edward only shook his head.

"The truth is," he replied, "if the truth must be told, he's dead set against Dissent."

"Bigotry," muttered the fireman fiercely, his passion suddenly getting the better of him, and then immediately apologizing to Edward for his hasty criticism.

But Edward did not speak. The fact was he thoroughly concurred in the fireman's abrupt observation. For a little while he sat cogitating.

"Was the rector at Trethyn Manor last night?" asked the fireman, at length breaking the silence.

"Yes," replied Edward, in great surprise, and looking up quickly. "Why do you ask?"

"Was he present when you mentioned this matter to the squire?"

"Yes," said Edward, still wonderingly.

"Was his influence against us?"

Edward thought a moment, as if trying to discover whether he was justified or not in answering the question. But he soon made up his mind, and at once replied candidly and unreservedly:

"I confess that his influence was against you," he said, "though I firmly believe Squire Trethyn's de-

cision would just have been the same even were the rector for you."

"No," exclaimed Seth Roberts emphatically; "Squire Trethyn is a fair enough minded man when he is not egged on."

"You're quite mistaken, Seth," said Edward; "the blank refusal is altogether the squire's own doings."

"I'll never believe it," cried Seth angrily. "He's led by the nose by the parson, a man of sin and the devil."

"Hush," cautioned Edward, "don't say that."

"I do say it, and will continue to say it," answered Seth stubbornly.

"No, no," said Edward, deprecatingly, "I don't think you will. You are angry now—"

"And always will be," interrupted Seth; "until this wrong is righted."

"Well, well, let it pass," said Edward, anxious to keep the peace.

"The parson wants converting," persisted Seth, "and perhaps then he'd be a bit more charitable. Wait till I meet him; I'll preach him a sermon that'll go straight home. I will."

"If you do," said Edward, "I'll be very much annoyed with you. I'm talking to you in confidence now, and I don't want any words of mine to cause any unpleasantness between Mr. Thornleigh and myself. You are speaking angrily, but I feel sure you'll look at things more reasonably and calmly when you've had time to think them over."

"Well, there's nothing sinful in being angry," sullenly replied Seth; and then, suddenly firing up again: "Wouldn't you be angry if your people were continually downtrodden and treated everlastingly this 'ere way? For years and years now this dispute has been goin' on, and it's as far as ever from the ending of it. Here we are, treated as an inferior order of beings. It's nothing but class hatred. But we're men for all that, of the same flesh and blood as the parson and the squire, and I tell you, and if you like, Mr. Edward, you can tell them straight, the time has long gone by for us to calmly submit to this odious oppression."

"What do you mean?" queried Edward, looking up quickly, as he caught some covert meaning in the fireman's words.

"Mean?" cried Seth angrily, his eyes flashing and his fist clenched; "I mean that we'll compel—" He stops abruptly; in his passion he is lost for words, or it may be that he is suddenly alarmed at his own fierce vehemence, for the next minute he speaks more quietly, though not less emphatically. "Look here, Mr. Edward, are we slaves? Didn't the same God who created the squire create me and all our people? And, therefore, haven't we a right to live? Nay, haven't we a right to use God's earth as well as the parson and the squire? You needn't speak; I know just what you're goin' to say. You're goin' to tell me that the squire owns the land, and therefore he can do just what he likes with it. Let the squire keep his land, but I tell you straight we've got to live on it, and when we ask merely for foot-room we're not going to be denied any longer."

Edward Trethyn was amazed. He hardly knew what to say. The fireman spoke so determinedly that he was just a little bit frightened. And he was convinced that Seth did not speak merely from impulse. What he now so forcibly expressed was evidently the set purpose of all his people.

"I hope you'll do nothing rash, Seth," said Edward presently, as

he looked down upon the fireman, for he himself had risen from his seat and was now standing with his back to the fire. "There can only be one kind of ending to what you contemplate. English law, you know, is strong, and it is against you."

"I know it," said Seth, "but English law must be altered."

Edward slowly shook his head.

"Be careful, Seth," he said, "be careful. You'll certainly come to grief and get the worst of it."

"Would you blame us, Mr. Edward—would you blame our people—if in their anger they razed 'the manor' to the ground?"

Edward was now indeed startled, but he strenuously endeavoured to keep his sang froid.

"Let me answer your question, Seth," he said, "by asking you another. You're a religious man—would your Bible blame you? What is it that it says about every soul being subject to the higher powers?"

That was a splendid home-thrust, which completely changed the fireman's opposition into docility. He immediately became amenable to this argument, founded as it was upon his much-loved Bible, and answered in a quieter tone.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "p'raps it would be wrong; but the other is wrong too."

"But you must never do wrong that right may come," said Edward.

"No," he assented, "but surely there must be some way of altering all the wrongs of the world, all these oppressions, and if I knew it I wouldn't rest a moment until it was done."

Edward resumed his seat, placed his feet on the fender, took up the poker, and stirred the fire.

"Well," he said, "what will you do in this matter? Of course you'll have to first report to your people."

"Most decidedly, and without delay," answered Seth. "I must call at once a meeting to consider the question."

"Well, Seth," said Edward, "you must act judiciously; you must prevent any serious bother arising. If any of the fiery spirits talk of fighting it out, you must put in the religious argument and stop them."

Seth looked annoyed.

"I can't make you out, sir," he said. "Sometimes I'm inclined to think you've got good intentions toward us, and then you grow flippant again."

"Nay," said Edward, somewhat sternly, "I'm never flippant. From your standpoint I'll admit I may appear irreligious, but I'm not flippant in speaking of Bible subjects. I'm a good Churchman. I rarely miss the services, and I assist in every good work."

Seth looked as if he would like to preach the young squire a sermon upon the text, "Yet one thing thou lackest," but his late exhibition of bitter feeling was not conducive to religious instruction.

"When our people meet together," he said, "I shall leave them to deal with the matter."

"Now, you must not do that," said Edward solemnly. "I'm on your side in this matter, and I should not like to see any of you come to grief over it. But, depend upon it, the law is strong, and if the squire is compelled to put it into action, he'll show no mercy. I know him, so be warned. What you must do, Seth, is to play the part of a good arbitrator. You must influence your people to moderation, and not let them go and kick against the pricks. It won't do, Seth, it won't do."

"I don't think I'll act any such part," doggedly replied Seth; "I've got no inclination that way, and would therefore have no heart in it."

"But, Seth, won't you do it for my sake?" urged the young man.

"Well, I dunno," answered Seth, hesitatingly; "mebbe I will, but I don't think it'll be possible to restrain them."

"Will you do your best?"

The fireman remained silent and did not answer. He thought well of the squire's son, and was anxious to humour him, and keep him on the side of the people. But Seth was naturally of a stubborn temperament, and did not like to yield a point. Though he was a chapel man, and one of the leaders of the people at the little conventicle, Seth Roberts possessed a peculiar and unenviable disposition, and was by no means a perfect example of the Christian virtues. But the scorners did not sufficiently know Seth, nor how terribly bitter were his tears and repentance after such outbursts.

"Will you do your best?" urged Edward.

A little more thought, and then Seth gave the squire's son his unequivocal promise.

"I will," he said, "God helping me."

It was not a rash promise made in a hasty moment, but one given after calm and solemn deliberation in his own mind. Yet it was a promise made with great hesitation, and one which in days to come proved irksome to him; one which he would gladly have avoided if it had not been for his word's sake, and one which in the future often thwarted and baulked all his own inclinations and opinions. But he was faithful to it.

Edward did not wish to withdraw unceremoniously, and therefore he lingered awhile chatting with the fireman upon topics in general. An excuse, however, was soon afforded him for taking his departure. A knock came to the door, and before Seth could rise to open it, several of the miners—all chapel people, and probably bent upon chapel business—walked into the little room, and Edward, quickly seizing the opportunity, bade the fireman adieu and went out.

It was almost quite dark when he got into the street, and would have been intensely dark but for the silent shining stars above. Which way should he take? A moment's hesitation, and then he struck straight for the park. Did any subtle influence lead him to that decision, or was it only his own unbiassed thought? Whichever it was, had his resolution been different much of this narrative would not have been written.

"Where was Rhoda to-night?" he whispered to himself as he went leisurely along; "strange that she wasn't at home."

He had hoped to have seen Rhoda at home, and was much surprised at her absence. It seemed to him most unusual, for whenever he had called at the fireman's cottage before she was always there. But he asked Seth no question concerning her. After all he had no special reason for wishing to see her, and certainly nothing in particular to say to her; indeed, he hardly realized that he was disappointed in not seeing her until he was out of the house and far on the road home.

By this time he had entered the park and was in sight of the manor, the lights from its windows gleaming brightly through the trees. Suddenly, near the great beeches which grew at the bottom of the avenue which led up to the squire's house, Edward saw a woman's form come hurrying in his direction. It was too dark to clearly distinguish who she was, but a certain instinct told him that it was the fireman's daughter. A few moments and they were to-

gether. "Good evening, Miss Roberts," he said, lifting his hat; "whither away so hurriedly?"

"I'm going home," she said. "I've been sitting with George Ford a little, reading to him to relieve the tediousness of the long hours of suffering, but it has grown later than I thought, and I'm afraid that father will be getting anxious."

"Oh, you needn't kill yourself at that breakneck pace," said Edward laughingly. "I've just come from your father's house, and I'm quite sure that he hasn't missed you yet or noticed the lateness of the hour. His mind is troubled just now with more serious matters, and your safety, Miss Roberts, he can always depend upon."

"Troubled?" echoed Rhoda in alarm, and catching at the word. "Troubled about more serious matters? What can you mean, Mr. Trethyn?"

"Father's blank refusal to let your people have that piece of ground for your new chapel," replied Edward; "but let us walk along, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Oh! pray," exclaimed Rhoda, "don't accompany me. Just tell me in a few words what has happened, and then I'll hurry on alone. I'm not at all afraid, and I know my way."

"It's a very long story," answered Edward, "and you'll chill standing here. Besides, I could not consent to be guilty of such ungallantry. I must see you home, at least clear away from the park."

"Please, no," pleaded Rhoda; "it isn't far, and I shall be home in a very little time. Really, I do not need you to accompany me."

"Then I must defer telling you the story of the squire's refusal," said Edward, "or leave it to your father."

She was in a dilemma, and hesitated a moment. She was anxious to hear the story, yet loth to permit him to accompany her.

"Come," he said, "to the park gates at least, and on our way I'll run quickly over the whole story."

Yielding to his persuasion, they were soon walking along slowly together, and Edward was telling her the news. But in spite of her strong interest in the story her heart was palpitating wildly, and a nameless feeling thrilling her—a feeling which was a strange mixture of fear and pleasure. What if any one met them coming thus slowly through the park, and in the dark? What would they think and say? Would not her situation be mistaken, misjudged, and perhaps the origin of scandal? But what could she do? Except by pointed rudeness she could not now dismiss the squire's son? He was only acting the part of a gallant, and she could not be discourteous to him. Nor did she wish to make him return, for his company was congenial to her. Somehow, association with him seemed to exalt her and to lift her to her true level. She was a collier's daughter, but she had been so educated and trained that she was equal to any society, and, like the half-hidden flower stretching out towards the sun, her secret nature yearned for a higher and better companionship than that which her lot commonly brought to her. Therefore it was far from her wish to dismiss the squire's son from her side, and though she knew, or at least thought, it was unseemly to be thus walking with him through the park alone, she consented to listen to his story, as they slowly journeyed towards the gates.

Soon he felt her trembling at his side.

"Why are you trembling?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm not trembling now," she answered. "I'm strong again

now. I was only thinking of what might come of this refusal. Our people have the sympathy of the whole townsfolk, you know, and it might mean—"

She paused.

"Might mean what?" he urged gently.

"Oh, I dare not think what," she cried, releasing her arm from his. "But I do hope the squire will be reasonable."

"What is your fear?" softly persisted Edward.

"I really don't know," she falteringly replied, "but such treatment as the squire's can only end in strife."

"Miss Roberts," pleaded Edward, "do be more explicit," and his voice had suddenly grown husky. "You appear to know of some fearful action already resolved upon. I want to help you and to help your people. If I only knew the workmen's intentions I might yet influence the squire."

But he had urged her too far. He had imagined that some dark plot was already in hatching to injure his father, but as yet none such existed. She had spoken of fears, but only of fears which naturally rose to her mind—fears of indefinite form and shape—but she knew of nothing arranged and fixed upon. Nor was anything fixed, and she assured him of this, to his intense relief.

"Whatever happens in the future," he said presently, "always believe, Miss Roberts, that I am on your side and the side of your people."

They walked slowly onwards in silence for a little while, absorbed in their own thoughts, until at length Edward spoke again.

"Will you remember that?" he whispered.

"I will," she said.

"You will trust me?"

"Yes," she answered lowly.

They had now reached the park gates, and were shaking hands for parting. But their separation was not yet. As if loth to part from her, Edward held her little gloved hand in his and pressed it gently.

"If ever I can be of any service to you in any way," he said with marked deliberation in his tones, "do not hesitate to command me."

He was plainly speaking in terrible earnestness.

"Disputes may arise," he went on in the same deliberate tone, "complications may occur through one thing or another, and it may be impossible for me to see you—to be near you to assure you that I am one in heart and feeling at all times with you and your people; but whatever happens, Miss Roberts, never doubt me."

His serious manner greatly impressed Rhoda, and she was growing somewhat alarmed. His words were mysterious. Did he foresee trouble? But what of that to her? Their interests were so very much divided, so very much apart, that she was at a loss to understand him. Yet he had evidently some hidden meaning. And besides this, the deep pathos of his voice troubled her and touched her heart. He spoke to her as if she were his confidante, and on equal terms with himself.

"You may need my help some day," he said.

Ah! he did not know it then, but a time was coming when he would be more in need of her help, and when he would realize that her influence and power were the only things on earth that could save him from the direst calamity and from a fearful death. But now he spoke as if he himself were the only possible helper, and as if he were forever above the need of it.

"And now I won't detain you longer," he went on. "You'll be able to find your way safe home?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I will be there in a few minutes."

"Very well; good night, Miss Roberts!"

Yet still he held her hand. A moment's silence ensued.

"Good night, Rhoda; dear Rhoda, good night!"

As he spoke, fervently and passionately, with a meaning now only too clear, he stooped and affectionately kissed her upturned face.

Then he was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

SQUIRE TRETHYN'S THREAT.

Rhoda scarcely knew how she got home that night, but, fortunately for her, she reached it long before the men who had called to see her father on chapel business had finished their deliberations, and she was therefore able to steal away to her own room without her flushed face being noticed, and which, had it been observed by her indulgent father, might have occasioned some awkward questioning.

Once safely in her own room she flung herself upon the bed and burst into a flood of tears. There she lay for almost an hour, sobbing bitterly, her mind torn with distracting thoughts, and her agitation almost indescribable.

What had she done? Had she proved a rebel to all her upbringing? In the weakness of the moment had she disgraced her training? Why, oh, why, did she permit the squire's son to walk by her side through the park? Worse than all, why did she let her heart dwell upon his honeyed words? She called herself a score of hard names, and severely blamed her own weakness.

"I ought to have been firm," she moaned; "I ought not to have countenanced him. Oh! what would the world say if they knew it? What would the folk at the chapel say? And have I broken faith with Dick?"

In the sight of God and man she felt a guilty, undone creature.

It was impossible for her not to realize the feelings of the squire's son towards her. He loved her—of that she was convinced. He loved her ardently and sincerely. It was no light thing, his love, not the mere passing fancy of a schoolboy, but something larger and deeper, as proclaimed in the pathos of his tones and in the trembling and fervent earnestness of his voice. And she knew it in a more sure way too. Her womanly instinct divined it—it was intuitionally known to her.

It was Rhoda's intuition that discovered for her young Edward Trethyn's love, and opened to her a new world. And the discovery troubled her; but what troubled her most was her conscious reciprocation of that love. Yet, could she help it? If the squire's son had touched some latent chords in her heart which no one else had touched, which another had failed to touch, could she help it thus vibrating in response to that touch? But Dick—poor Dick Fowler, what of him? Had she not promised herself to him, and was it now honourable on her part to have thus encouraged—was it encouragement?—another to tell or show his love? But stay! Had she promised Dick Fowler? Had she indeed made such a specific promise? She felt she had not, though she now saw that her words on one occasion could be thus interpreted. It was after the last camp-meeting on the hills, when she went slowly homewards arm-in-arm with Dick. She could recall the scene distinctly. Dick was agitated and excited, and spoke fearfully of an imagined plot

of Edward Trethyn to rob him of her love. She had ridiculed his fears, but what had she said afterwards? Was there not some binding promise given?

No, she was sure of it. No promise which related to a betrothal, though there was a promise, a solemn and an emphatic promise, made by her of undying love towards Dick. But of what kind of love had she then spoken? A few moments' deep thought, and then she could easily remember of what she had spoken; she had said something to the effect of ever being faithful in her love towards him, but the image in her mind at that time was not Dick, the matured man and the suitor for her hand, but Dick as the child, and as the companion of her school-days.

But what were her true feelings now? Did she not love Dick? Yes, she did love him, and she could not help confessing it to her beating heart. Yet, oh the vast difference in the character of her love for him and in that of the newly awakened love towards the squire's son! Dick she loved with the first blush of maiden simplicity; as one of her own order with whom she was long and intimately acquainted, and whom she had known and played with in childhood—a matter-of-course kind of love; and somehow she had drifted—yes, that was the expression—into a courtship with him without even the usual formalities of asking; courtship and a betrothal which everybody seemed to plan for her, while she herself had very little thought of its real meaning. It was only of recent date that she had suspected the serious purport of Dick's words, and then they had startled and frightened her.

And, after all, was Dick's love of the profoundest character? To her thinking at that moment she had felt nothing special in it. It had not touched any deep chord in her heart. Until that night, that mysterious, strong, undivided love which a woman gives to a man of her choice had not been called forth from her heart. And now he who had used the magic words, who had thrown such a spell over her, had suddenly become to her her ideal. How courteous, noble, kind, and good he was! Good? The word caught her breath; was he indeed good, as she had been taught to look upon goodness? Was he not merely a child of the world and of sin? Had he ever known the regenerating influences of the Spirit of God? The very thought hushed for a time all her questionings, and stilled her ardent passion. Then came another thought, a troublous one, and one which she considered long and painfully; one which she could not lightly put away from her. What did the blessed Book say about it? She rose from her bed, lighted a candle, and sought her Bible. Quickly, almost feverishly, she turned over its sacred pages, until at last her trembling finger rested upon these solemn words, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

The words terrified her. What had she done? Oh! how near the precipice of evil she had approached! Her face burned with shame, and horror filled her soul. She felt a guilty, guilty wretch. How ungrateful she had been! How prone to wickedness! Though not in act, in heart and thought she had sinned, and grievously too. To love a child of sin, to contemplate a marriage with a worldling!—oh! how base, how wicked her heart!

"It all comes," she whispered penitently to herself, "of not first consulting God's Word, and of following my own carnal judgment.

I am humiliated. Gracious Father, pardon thy wayward, erring child!"

For another hour or so she sat there in the darkness, her candle having burned out, her weary head resting upon her hand, and her arm on the edge of the small dressing-table—thinking, thinking, thinking. She was full of recriminations towards herself, and blamed her own wilfulness. She looked upon herself as a backslider from grace, and under God's displeasure. Oh! how her poor, throbbing, aching brain was plagued and distracted! What should she do? To tear this new passion from her heart went sorely against her will, but her duty was plain, and in the end her training triumphed. She would forswear Edward Trethyn's love; she would crush it out of her soul at its very commencement, and she would be true to her father's people and her father's God. Nor would she listen to the suggestion which then came into her mind of the possibility of Edward Trethyn's conversion. No, she was done with it. So she thought. Then she went to bed.

Hours after she had fallen asleep Seth Roberts, sitting lonely in the kitchen, his friends all having departed, bethought him of his daughter, and wondered why she had gone so quietly to bed. It was their usual custom to kneel in prayer together before they kissed each other good-night. Years ago, when Rhoda's mother was alive, they had begun this thing, and in the fifteen years which had passed away since her death Seth could not remember having once failed in this duty, and her unusual procedure therefore fidgeted him. But he presently put it down to his daughter's considerate thought.

"She found me busy with the friends from the chapel, and I suppose she thought it best not to disturb me," he said to himself; "and certainly it has grown very late. She was evidently tired, poor dear, sitting yonder reading to George Ford. Ah, well, she'll get her reward."

He took his candle and went himself upstairs to bed, just pausing a moment at his daughter's door to listen to her regular breathing, and to breathe a prayer.

But he could not sleep. His mind had not rested since Edward Trethyn's visit, and his long argumentative talk with his friends had not increased his chances for sleep. Old Moses Watkins, a retired miner, and one of the pillars of the Church; Jesse Smith, check-weigher at the Big Pit, and one of the officers of the chapel; Stephen Harris, engineman and Sunday-school superintendent; Philip Matthews and young Joe Williams, both lay-preachers and miners, had all called to hear first-hand the news, which had mysteriously spread like wildfire through the little town, of the squire's stubborn refusal to sell the land.

"How did you know it?" asked Seth. "The young squire, as you've seen, has just gone out. I knew nothing of it until he told me just now."

"Some one brought it from the manor," said Joe Williams; "no matter who; but is it correct?"

"I'm grieved to say that it is," answered Seth.

"Then it's nothing but a downright piece of bigotry," exclaimed Joe Williams, angrily.

"And persecution," said Stephen Harris.

"Such as we've read of happening in the Middle Ages," said Jesse Smith, who was a bit of a politician and a fairly well-read man.

"But," said the fireman, with considerable vehemence, and a strange light in his eye, "this is

the nineteenth century, and not the year of the Conventicle Act, and Squire Trethyn must be taught the lesson of toleration for all sects and creeds, and that liberty of thought and action must be accorded to all classes of men alike."

"What would you propose?" quietly asked old Moses Watkins.

"I hardly know," said Seth; "I can scarcely trust myself to think. My very spirit boils within me, and, left to my own unrestrained judgment, I might suggest something extreme."

"We must carefully avoid that," said Moses Watkins.

"Yes, yes," replied Seth; "that's just what I'm anxious to do."

"But this is an extreme case," urged Joe Williams, displaying a little of the fighting spirit in his face and tone.

"Quite true," replied Moses, "but we must act discreetly. We must give no occasion to the other side to charge us with folly."

"Folly!" exclaimed Joe Williams. "If my way were had, we should all march to-morrow in a body to the manor and demand the sale of the land; and we should refuse to do another stroke of work until the purchase was completed."

Old Moses Watkins shook his head in dissent.

"We shall win the battle in the long run," he said emphatically. "I've no fear of that. If we're all of one mind and resolute, we shall finally effect our purpose, but swagger will gain nothing."

This thrust at the redoubtable Joe went straight home to that young gentleman's heart, and caused him to reply with asperity.

"Bah!" he said, "such namby-pamby ways will never win anything, and if our old friends here are afraid to stand up for their rights, they'd better clear out and leave the matter entirely to us younger men. We ain't afraid of the squire, of the parson, or of nothing."

"You'll never succeed," quietly persisted Moses, "by demanding your rights. Besides, English law permits—"

"But not English opinion," retorted Stephen Harris, at once guessing the purport of the old man's words.

"Mebbe not," answered Moses, "but until English opinion becomes English law we must act as law-abiding people. Pray, who is to keep and respect the law if we don't? We are to be examples to others, living epistles read and known to all men. Are we to disgrace our calling?"

The grey-headed veteran's counsel produced a moment's cessation to the angry contest of words, but for not longer than a moment. Every man's soul there was filled with great indignation at the squire's refusal, and the younger men could not bridle their tongues or subdue their feelings. Soon they returned with bitterness to the subject. But no agreement was come to and no concerted action planned.

"The best thing to do," said the fireman, "is to have a committee meeting upon the subject."

"Yes, at once," agreed Philip Matthews, "and lay the whole matter before them. We cannot act ourselves. Will you convene it, Seth?"

"Yes—will Friday evening suit?"

"Very well, I should say," replied Jesse Smith.

"Then that's settled, friends?" queries Seth. "No need to inform you again?"

"No," chorused several. "Summon the others; we'll be there."

"Time?" queried Joe Williams.

"Oh! 7.30 p.m., and at the usual place."

And then the men went home. But their going was no relief to

Seth Roberts' harassed mind, for all through the long, dreary night he lay tossing in his bed, continually reviewing all the circumstances of the trouble, and debating it with himself in every conceivable light.

It dawned upon his mind that his position was going to be a trying one. The promise he had given to the squire's son was going to hamper him—a silly promise, he told himself, but he would be faithful to it, though now he sincerely wished he had never made it. If the heavens fell Seth Roberts would not go back on his word; he had made the promise, and he would keep it.

Earlier in the same evening another scene was transpiring at the manor. Edward Trethyn, who had left Rhoda at the park gates, had arrived home within half an hour afterwards, and had instantly received a message from his father to at once repair to the library.

He found the squire alone, sitting at his open secretaire, his pen in his hand, a sheet of paper before him, on which, however, he was not writing, and which Edward seemed quickly to divine was only intended to serve as a mask of a plainly evidenced ill-humour. Edward had thought that his father had sent for him to reconsider with him his refusal to sell the chapel people the paltry plot of ground, but one glance was sufficient to dampen and extinguish any such hope.

"Shut the door after you," said his father, as Edward entered, "and then take that chair a few minutes."

Edward did so wonderingly.

"Now," said the squire, "there's no need beating about the bush in this matter, and, if I were ever so much inclined to do it, I'm too angry to waste time in doing it. You know me, Edward; you know how I like to go straight to the bottom of the thing. I hate circumlocution, and therefore I'm not going to practise it. What I want to know is this—Is it true that you have disgraced yourself with Seth Roberts' daughter?"

The question fairly took Edward's breath away.

"Goodness gracious, father!" he exclaimed, "whatever do you mean?"

"Just what I say," sternly answered the squire. "Is it true, or is it not true, that you've been making love to that mincing Rhoda Roberts and disgracing your name and family?"

"No, it is not true," emphatically replied Edward. "I have not disgraced either myself or my family in any way. What has put this into your head?"

"Silence!" cried the squire. "How dare you, sir, cross-question me? As your father, I ask you that question, and I want to know whether it is or is not true?"

"And I have answered you," said Edward haughtily.

"Then I say," stormed the squire, all his half-smothered passion now bursting out, "that you have not answered me. Have you or have you not been making love to the schoolmistress?"

"When?"

"When? Now, an hour ago, yesterday, last week, a month ago, any time? Isn't the question plain?"

"No; I've not been making love to the schoolmistress," said Edward coldly.

"Sir!" exclaimed Squire Trethyn, "let's have no lying."

"Then you mean to force me to say that I have been making love to Miss Roberts, though I distinctly deny it?"

"I mean to force you to tell the truth," shouted the squire.

"And I have told you it," said Edward.

"You have not," fumed the squire.

"But I have," persisted Edward.

"I say you have not, sir."

"Then that's an end of it," said Edward, warmly, and permitting himself to speak much more freely to his father than he was accustomed to, "and there's no need for further talk upon the matter. I've given you my word of honour; if you won't accept it, why trouble to ask me at all?"

"Is it not a fact, sir, that you've engaged yourself to Miss Roberts?"

"No."

"Who, then, are you engaged to?"

"No one."

"Not even Miss Montgomery?"

"No."

The squire rose from his chair and paced the room in great wrath, breathing out harsh words all the while. Presently he stopped suddenly.

"Look here, Edward," he said, shaking his finger warningly; "I've got it on the best of authority that you are habitually in Miss Roberts' society; that you shun Miss Montgomery and slight her; that you turn your back upon our church and people, and prefer herding with colliers and frequenting their camp-meetings; that the rector—"

"Oh! that's it," cried Edward, not suffering his father to finish the sentence; "the rector is at the bottom of all this slander, is he?"

"It is not slander!" thundered the squire.

"Very much of it is nothing else," said Edward, "but I'll be free and open with you if you'll allow me."

"Free and open!" sneered Squire Trethyn; "do you know how to be free and open? Do you call it open to go clandestinely courting with a wench who is immeasurably your inferior, and bringing disgrace upon us all? You, the heir of Trethyn, contemplating to bring home to the manor a low collier's daughter, and setting her mistress over your sister's home! Do you call that free and open? You—where are you going?" he queried, stopping abruptly in his sneers, for Edward had risen and was moving towards the door.

"Out," replied Edward; "I'm not going to stay here to be accused like this on baseless charges; I'm willing to be perfectly open with you, and to tell you everything, but not to be thus insulted. I tell you there's scarcely an atom of truth in all you've said."

Squire Trethyn was taken aback by the outspokenness of his son, and stood silent.

"I have not neglected our people," went on Edward; "I have not slighted them, or given them any cause to think so. Nor does any one so think, excepting it be Mr. Thornleigh, and he most unjustifiably. Neither do I frequent the preaching on the hills. I've been there once or twice, and p'raps will go again, but I do not frequent the place. As for making love to Miss Roberts, I have not yet—"

"Not yet!" gasped the squire, aghast.

"Not yet," deliberately repeated Edward, "but I hope to do so some day. You may oppose it, and spurn me for it, but that can make no difference, for my heart has gone out after her, and—"

"Sufficient!" testily exclaimed Squire Trethyn; "I will hear no more of it. That's what you call being open? You come here with a dagger in your hand, and strike a murderous blow at all my hopes, and then you pose as the candid, open-hearted son! You—come in, come in," cried the squire, stopping suddenly in his strong indictment as a low tapping was heard at the door, and

the next moment Lady Trethyn and her daughter Alice entered the room. "Listen to this, Matilda," resumed the squire, addressing his wife; "Edward here vows his intention of marrying Seth Roberts' daughter."

"That is not what I said," replied Edward. "Things have not gone—"

"Sir," thundered the squire, "don't contradict me. None of your playing upon words. If I did not exactly repeat your words, I said just what you intend. And it is not a time for hair-splitting. He is going to make love and propose to Rhoda Roberts, Matilda. P'raps, sir, you'll contradict that next?"

"No," quietly answered Edward, "for that is much more in harmony with what I did say."

"You hear him, Matilda?" cried the squire. "There you have it for yourself. What do you think of it?"

Lady Trethyn threw up her hands in dismay, while her daughter Alice stood white and trembling.

"My son," she said, "you'll never do us this wrong, surely."

"What does he care," cried her husband, "what injury he inflicts upon us? If the family name is disgraced and its prestige ruined, what does he care? If our heads go down dishonoured to the grave, what does he care? Society may spurn us, old acquaintances shun us, friends slight us, the doors of the gentry be barred against us, and our names be struck off the Court list; but what does he care? Oh, that we should have lived, Matilda, to see this day. Why, it's enough to make one's ancestors turn in their graves."

Poor Edward was dumbfounded at his father's vehemence, but resolute and determined. His mother's dismay and his sister's terrified face disturbed his mind and tortured him, but there was no hesitation in his mind as to his duty. That, he felt, was to honestly follow the dictates of his heart, and to be faithful to his love. But his speech was stopped. He felt he could not reply to his father's hard words, for, though he did not merit them, he knew too well the pain his contemplated action must have given his father.

"And that's what he calls being open," sneered Squire Trethyn, still harping upon the words.

"It's what you would have wished me to do," said Edward meekly but firmly. "You would not call me your son were I not so open."

"Open?" repeated the squire with a slur. "Then I'll be open with you also. Listen. Miss Montgomery ought to be your wife; it has been my wish for years and years, as it has also been Sir Charles'. We have often talked the matter over, and, though neither of you knew it, we have hoped and longed for it. You have often been thrown in each other's society, and if you have been so insusceptible to Miss Montgomery's charms, she has not been to yours. Hush!" cried the squire, as he observed that his son was about to speak; "when I've done. But you cannot contradict it. What I tell you is true, and you know it to be true—"

"Indeed, father, I do not," exclaimed Edward.

"Don't tell me that," retorted the squire; "I know better. She loves you, and you have drawn her into it. To neglect her now is mere trifling—"

"Father!" cried Edward, "you misjudge me—cruelly misjudge me. And I must really decline to listen further to this—"

"I've done now," interrupted his father; "I've only just a word more to say, and then you can go.

If you persist in your ridiculous love-making and disregard my wishes in reference to Miss Montgomery, I'll—let me say the word slowly and dispassionately, so that you may understand that I'm not trifling with you—if you do this thing, I say I'll disinherit you and will the estates to another."

At the words, Lady Trethyn's dismay was a thousand times increased, and Alice gave a sharp scream, while Edward's face paled with blank amazement.

"Father!" he exclaimed.

"You may stare," quietly, but with plainly marked wrath, said the squire, "but I mean just exactly what I say. And I'll go further. Unless you give me an assurance in twenty-four hours' time that you'll end it forever, I shall at once send for Jeffries and alter my will. Now you can go."

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VII.

The door of the class-room was closed and Phillip and the trustees were together. There was a moment of embarrassing silence and then the spokesman for the Board, a nervous little man, said:

"Mr. Strong, we hardly know just what to say to this proposition of yours this morning about going out of the parsonage and turning it into an orphan asylum. But it is certainly a very remarkable proposition, and we felt as if we ought to meet you at once and talk it over."

"It's simply impossible," spoke up one of the trustees. "In the first place it is impracticable as a business proposition."

"Do you think so?" asked Phillip, quietly.

"It is out of the question," said the first speaker, excitedly. "The church will never listen to it in the world. For my part, if Brother Strong wishes to—"

At that moment the sexton knocked at the door and said a man was outside very anxious to see the minister and have him come down to his house. There had been an accident, or a fight, or something. Some one was dying and wanted Mr. Strong at once. So Phillip hastily excused himself and went out, leaving the trustees together.

The door was hardly shut again when the speaker who had been interrupted jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"As I was saying, for my part, if Brother Strong wishes to indulge in this eccentric action he will not have the sanction of my vote in the matter! It certainly is an entirely unheard-of and uncalled-for proposition."

"Mr. Strong has, no doubt, a generous motive in this proposed action," said the third member of the Board; "but the church will most certainly oppose any such step as the giving up of the parsonage. He exaggerates the need of such a sacrifice. I think we ought to reason him out of the idea."

"We called Mr. Strong to the pastorate of Calvary Church," said another; "and it seems to me he came under the conditions granted in our call. For the church to allow such an absurd thing as the giving up of the parsonage to this proposed outside work would be a very unwise move."

"Yes, and more than that," said

the first speaker, "I want to say very frankly that I am growing tired of the way things have gone since Mr. Strong came to us. What business has Calvary Church with all these outside matters, these labour troubles and unemployed men and all the other matters that have been made the subject of preaching lately? I want a minister who looks after his own parish. Mr. Strong does not call on his own people; he has not been inside my house but once since he came to Milton. Brethren, there is a growing feeling of discontent over this matter."

There was a short pause and then one of the members said:

"Surely if Mr. Strong feels dissatisfied with his surroundings in the parsonage or feels as if his work lay in another direction, he is at liberty to choose another parish. But he is the finest pulpit-minister we ever had, and no one doubts his entire sincerity. He is a remarkable man in many respects."

"Yes, but sincerity may be a very awkward thing if carried too far. And in this matter of the parsonage I don't see how the trustees can allow it. Why, what would the other churches think of it? Calvary Church cannot allow anything of the kind, for the sake of its reputation. But I would like to hear Mr. Winter's opinion; he has not spoken yet."

The rest turned to the mill-owner, who, as chairman of the Board, usually had much to say, and was regarded as a shrewd and careful business adviser. In the excitement of the occasion and discussion the usual formalities of a regular Board-meeting had been ignored.

Mr. Winter was evidently embarrassed. He had listened to the discussion of the minister with his head bent down and his thoughts in a whirl of emotion both for and against the pastor. His naturally inclined business habits contended against the proposition to give up the parsonage; his feelings of gratitude to the minister for his personal help the night of the attack by the mob rose up to defend him. There was with it all an under-current of self-administered rebuke that the pastor had set the whole church an example of unselfishness. He wondered how many of the members would voluntarily give up half their incomes for the good of humanity. He wondered in a confused way how much he would give up himself. Phillip's sermon had made a real impression on him.

"There is one point we have not discussed yet," he said at last. "And that is Mr. Strong's offer of half his salary to carry on the work of a children's refuge or something of that kind."

"How can we accept such an offer? Calvary Church has always believed in paying its minister a good salary, and paying it promptly; and we want our minister to live decently and be able to appear as he should among the best people," replied the nervous little man who had been first to speak.

"Still, we cannot deny that it is a very generous thing for Mr. Strong to do. He certainly is entitled to credit for his unselfish proposal; no one can charge him with being worldly-minded," said Mr. Winter, feeling a new interest in the subject as he found himself defending the minister.

"Are you in favour of allowing him to do what he proposes in the matter of the parsonage?" asked another.

"I don't see that we can hinder Mr. Strong from living anywhere he pleases. The church cannot compel him to live in the parsonage."

"No, but it can choose not to have such a minister!" exclaimed the first speaker again, excitedly; "and I for one am most decidedly opposed to the whole thing. I do not see how the church can allow it and maintain its self-respect."

"Do you think the church is ready to tell Mr. Strong that his services are not wanted any longer?" asked Mr. Winter coldly.

"I am, for one of the members, and I know others who feel as I do if matters go on this way much longer. I tell you, Brother Winter, Calvary Church is very near a crisis. Look at the Goldens and the Malverns and the Albergs. They are all leaving us, and the plain reason is the nature of the preaching. Why, you know yourself, Brother Winter, never has the pulpit of Calvary Church heard such preaching on people's private affairs."

Mr. Winter coloured up and replied angrily, "What has that to do with the present matter? If the minister wants to live in a simpler style I don't see what business we have to try to stop it. As to the disposition of the parsonage, that is a matter of business which rests with the church to arrange."

The nervous, irritable little man who had spoken oftenest rose to his feet and exclaimed, "You can count me out of all this, then! I wash my hands of the whole affair!" and he went out of the room, leaving the rest of the Board somewhat surprised and confused by his sudden departure.

They remained about a quarter of an hour longer, discussing the affair, and finally, at Mr. Winter's suggestion, a committee was appointed to confer with the minister the next evening and see if he could not be persuaded to modify or change his proposition made in the morning sermon. The rest of the trustees insisted that Mr. Winter himself should act as chairman of the committee, and after some remonstrance he with great reluctance agreed to do so.

So Phillip next evening, as he sat in his study mapping out the week's work and wondering a little what the church would do in the face of his proposal, received the committee, welcoming them in his bright, hearty manner. He had been notified on Sunday evening of the approaching conference. The committee consisted of Mr. Winter and two other members of the Board.

Mr. Winter opened the conversation with considerable embarrassment and an evident repugnance to his share in the matter.

"Mr. Strong, we have come, as you are aware, to talk over your proposition of yesterday morning concerning the parsonage. It was a great surprise to us all."

Phillip smiled a little. "Mrs. Strong says I act too much on impulse, and do not prepare people enough for my statements. But one of the greatest men I ever knew used to say that impulse was a good thing to obey instantly if there was no doubt of its being a right one."

"And do you consider this proposed move of yours a right one, Mr. Strong?" asked Mr. Winter.

"I do," replied Phillip, with quiet emphasis. "I do not regret making it, and I believe it is my duty to abide by my original decision."

"Do you mean that you intend actually to move out of this parsonage?" asked one of the other members of the committee.

"Yes." Phillip said it so quietly and yet so decidedly that the committee was silent a moment. Then Mr. Winter said:

"Mr. Strong, this matter is likely to cause trouble in the

church, and we might as well understand it frankly. The trustees believe that as the parsonage belongs to the church property, and was built for the minister, he ought to live in it. The church will not understand your desire to move out."

"Do you understand it, Mr. Winter?" Phillip put the question point-blank.

"No, I don't know that I do, wholly." Mr. Winter coloured and replied in a hesitating manner.

"I gave my reasons yesterday morning. I do not know that I can make them plainer. The truth is I cannot go on preaching to my people about living on a simpler basis while I continue to live in surroundings that on the face of them contradict my own convictions. In other words, I am living beyond my necessities here. I have lived all my life surrounded by the luxuries of civilization. If now I desire to give the benefit of them to those who have never enjoyed them, or to know from closer contact something of the bitter struggle of the poor, why should I be hindered from putting that desire into practical form?"

"The question is, Mr. Strong," said one of the other trustees, "whether this is the best way to get at it. We do not question your sincerity nor doubt your honesty; but will your leaving the parsonage and living in a less expensive house on half your present salary help your church work or reach more people and save more souls?"

"I am glad you put it that way," exclaimed Phillip, eagerly turning to the speaker. "That is just it. Will my proposed move result in bringing the church and the minister into closer and more vital relations with the people most in need of spiritual and physical uplifting? Out of the depths of my soul I believe it will. The chasm between the Church and the people in these days must be bridged by the spirit of sacrifice in material things. It is in vain for us to preach spiritual truths unless we live physical truths. What the world is looking for to-day is object lessons in self-denial on the part of Christian people."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Mr. Winter said:

"About your proposal that this house be turned into a refuge or home for homeless children, Mr. Strong, do you consider that idea practicable? Is it business? Is it possible?"

"I believe it is, very decidedly. The number of homeless and vagrant children at present in Milton would astonish you. This house could be put into beautiful shape as a detention house until homes could be found for the children in Christian families."

"It would take a great deal of money to manage it."

"Yes," replied Phillip, with a sadness which had its cause deep within him, "it would cost something. But can the world be saved cheaply? Does not every soul saved cost an immense sum, if not of money, at least of an equivalent? Is it possible for us to get at the heart of the great social problem without feeling the need of using all our powers to solve it rightly?"

Mr. Winter shook his head. He did not understand the minister. His action and his words were both foreign to the mill-owner's regular business habits of thought and performance.

"What will you do, Mr. Strong, if the church refuses to listen to this proposed plan of yours?"

"I suppose," answered Phillip, after a little pause, "the church will not object to my living in another house at my own charges?"

"They have no right to compel

you to live here." Mr. Winter turned to the other members of the committee. "I said so at our previous meeting. Gentlemen, am I not right in that?"

"It is not a question of our compelling Mr. Strong to live here," said one of the others. "It is a question of the church's expecting him to do so. It is the parsonage and the church home for the minister. In my opinion there will be trouble if Mr. Strong moves out. People will not understand it."

"That is my feeling, too, Mr. Strong," said Mr. Winter. It would be better for you to modify or change, or better still, to abandon this plan. It will not be understood and will cause trouble."

"Suppose the church should rent the parsonage to some party, then," suggested Phillip; "it would then be getting a revenue from the property. That, with the thousand dollars on my salary, could be wisely and generously used to relieve much suffering in Milton this winter. The church could easily rent the house."

That was true, as the parsonage stood on one of the most desirable parts of B. Street and would command good rental.

"Then you persist in this plan of yours, do you, Mr. Strong?" asked the third member of the committee, who had for the most part been silent.

"Yes, I consider that under the circumstances, local and universal, it is my duty. Where I propose to go there is a house which I can get for eight dollars a month. It is near the tenement district, and not so far from the church and this neighbourhood that I need be isolated too much from my church family."

Mr. Winter looked serious and perplexed. The other trustees looked dissatisfied. It was evident they regarded the whole thing with disfavour.

Mr. Winter rose abruptly. He could not avoid a feeling of anger, in spite of his obligation to the minister. He also had a vivid recollection of his former interview with the pastor in that study. And yet the mill-owner struggled with vague resistance against a feeling that Phillip was proposing to do a thing that could result for himself in only one way,—in suffering. With all the rest went a suppressed but conscious emotion of wonder that a man would of his own free will give up a luxurious home for the sake of anybody.

"The matter of reduction of salary, Mr. Strong, will have to come before the church. The trustees cannot vote to accept your proposal. I am very much mistaken if the members of Calvary Church will not oppose the reduction. You can see how it would place us in an unfavourable light."

"Not necessarily, Mr. Winter," said Phillip, eagerly. "If the church will simply regard it as my own great desire and as one of the ways by which we may help forward our work in Milton, I am very sure we need have no fear of being put in a false light. The church does not propose this reduction. The proposal comes from me, and in a time of peculiar emergency both financial and social. It is a thing which has been done several times before by other ministers."

"That may be. Still, I am positive that Calvary Church will regard it as unnecessary and will oppose it."

"It will not make any difference, practically," replied Phillip, with a smile. "I can easily dispose of a thousand dollars where it is needed by others more than by me. But I would prefer that

the church would actually pay out the money to them, rather than myself."

Mr. Winter and the other trustees looked at Phillip in wonder; and with a few words of farewell they left the parsonage.

The following week Calvary Church held a meeting. It was one of the stormiest meetings ever held by the members. In that meeting Mr. Winter again, to the surprise of nearly all, advised caution, and defended the minister's action up to a certain point. The proposal of some that the minister be requested to resign was finally overruled, and it was decided not to oppose his desertion of the parsonage, while the matter of reduction of salary was voted upon in the negative.

But feeling was roused to a high pitch. Many of the members declared their intention of refusing to attend services. Some declared they would not pay their pledges any longer. A small majority, however, ruled in favour of Phillip, and the action of the meeting was formally sent him by the clerk.

Meanwhile Phillip moved out of the parsonage into his new quarters. The daily paper, which had given a sensational account of his sermon, laying most stress upon his voluntary proposition referring to his salary, now came out with a column and a half devoted to Phillip's carrying out of his determination to abandon the parsonage and get nearer the people in the tenements. The article was widely copied and variously commented upon. In Milton, Phillip's action was condemned by many, defended by some. Very few seemed to understand his exact motive. The majority took it as an eccentric move, and expressed regret in one form and another that a man of such marked intellectual power as Mr. Strong seemed to possess lacked balance and good judgment. Some called him a crank. The people in the tenement district were too much absorbed in their sufferings and selfishness to make any demonstration. It remained to be seen whether they would be any better touched by Phillip in his new home.

So matters stood when the first Sunday of a new month came, and Phillip again stood before his church with his Christ message. It had been a wearing month for him. Gradually there had been growing upon him a sense of almost isolation in his pulpit work. He wondered if he had interpreted the Christ aright. As usual an immense congregation thronged the church.

"The question 'What is church work?' has come to me lately in different forms," began Phillip. "I am aware that my attitude on this question is not shared by many of the members of this church and other churches. Nevertheless, I stand here to-day, as I have stood on these Sundays, to declare to you what in deepest humility would seem to me to be the attitude of Christ in the matter before us.

"What is a church? It is a body of disciples professing to acknowledge Christ as Master. What does he want such a body to be? Like Himself in spirit, in daily life. What does he want such a body to do? Whatever will most effectively make God's kingdom come on earth, and His will be done as in heaven. What is the most necessary work of this church in Milton? It is to go out and seek and save the lost. It is to take up its cross and follow the Master. And as I see Him to-day He beckons this church to follow Him into the tenements and slums of this town and be Christs to those who do not know

Him. As I see Him He stands beckoning with pierced palms in the direction of suffering and disease and ignorance and vice and paganism, saying, 'Here is where the work of Calvary Church lies.'

"I do not believe the real work of this church consists in having so many meetings and socials and pleasant gatherings and delightful occasions among its own members; but the real work of this church consists in getting out of its own little circle in which it has been so many years moving, and going in any way most effective to the need of the world's wounded, to bind up the hurt and be a saviour to the lost. If we do not understand this to be the true meaning of our church work then I believe we miss its whole meaning. Church work in Milton today does not consist in doing simply what your fathers did before you. It means helping to make a cleaner town, the purification of our municipal life, the actual planning and accomplishment of means to relieve physical distress, a thorough understanding of the problem of labour and capital, in brief, church work today in this town is whatever is most needed to be done to prove to this town that we are what we profess ourselves to be, disciples of Jesus Christ. That is the reason I give more time to the tenement district problem than to calling on families that are well, and in possession of great comforts and privileges. That is the reason I call on this church to do Christ's work in His name and give itself to save that unhappy part of this town."

This is but the briefest of sketches of Phillip's sermon. It was a part of himself, his experience, his heart belief. He poured it out on the vast audience with little saving of his vitality. And that Sunday he went home at night exhausted, with a feeling of weariness partly due to his work during the week among the people. The calls upon his time and strength had been incessant, and he did not know when or where to stop.

It was three weeks after this sermon on church work that Phillip was again surprised by his strange visitor of a month before. He had been out making some visits in company with his wife. When they came back to the house, there sat the Brother Man on the door-step.

At the sight of him Phillip felt that same thrill of expectancy which had passed over him at his former appearance.

The old man stood up and took off his hat. He looked very tired and sorrowful. But there breathed from his entire bearing the element of a perfect peace.

"Brother Man," said Phillip, cheerily, "come in and rest yourself."

"Can you keep me over night?"

The question was put wistfully. Phillip was struck by the difference between this almost shrinking request and the self-invitation of a month before.

"Yes, indeed! We have one spare room for you. You are welcome! Come in."

So they went in, and after tea Phillip and the Brother Man sat down together while Mrs. Strong was busy in the kitchen. A part of this conversation was afterwards related by the minister to his wife; a part of it he afterwards said was unreportable,—the manner of tone, the inflection, the gesture of his remarkable guest no man could reproduce.

"You have moved since I saw you last," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Phillip. "You did not expect me to act on your advice so soon?"

"Yes, yes, you are beginning to

live on your simpler basis. You are doing as you preach. That must feel good."

"Yes," smiled Phillip, "it does feel good. Do you think, Brother Man, that this will help to solve the problem?"

"What problem?"

"Why, the problem of the church and the people, winning them,—saving them."

"Are your church-members moving out of their elegant houses and coming down here to live?" The old man asked the question in utmost simplicity.

"No; I did not ask them to do so."

"You ought to."

"What! Brother Man, do you believe my people ought literally to leave their possessions and live among the people?"

Phillip could not help asking the question, and all the time he was conscious of an absurdity mingled with a strange, unaccountable respect for his visitor, and his opinion.

"Yes," came the reply with the calmness of light. "Christ would demand it if he were pastor of Calvary Church in this age. Has your church done what you have wished?"

"No," replied Phillip, with a sigh.

"Will it do what you preach ought to be done?"

"I do not know."

"Why don't you resign?"

"Would you resign if you were in my place?"

"No." It was so quietly spoken that Phillip almost doubted if his visitor had replied. Then he said: "What has been done with the parsonage?"

"It is empty. The church is waiting to rent it to some one who expects to move to Milton soon."

"Are you sorry you came here?"

"No, I am happy in my work."

"Do you have enough to eat and wear?"

"Yes, indeed, Brother Man. The thousand dollars which the church refused to take off my salary goes to help where most needed; the rest is more than enough for us."

"Does your wife think so?" The question from any one else had been impertinent. From the Brother Man it was not.

"Let us call her in and ask her," replied Phillip, with a smile.

"Sarah, the Brother Man wants to know if you have enough to live on."

Sarah came in and sat down by Phillip. She answered bravely, "Yes, we have food and clothing and life's necessaries. But, oh, Phillip, this life is wearing you out. Yes, Brother Man," she continued, while a tear rolled over her cheek, "the minister is giving his life blood to these people, and they do not care. It is a vain sacrifice." She had spoken as frankly as if the old man had been her father. There was a something in him which called out such confidence.

Phillip soothed his wife, clasping her to him tenderly. "There, Sarah, you are nervous and tired. I am a little discouraged, but strong and hearty for the work. Brother Man, you must not think we regret your advice. We have been blessed by following it."

And then their remarkable guest stretched out his arms through the gathering gloom in the room and seemed to bless them. Later in the evening he again called for a Bible, and offered a prayer of wondrous sweetness. Phillip showed him to his plainly furnished room. The old man looked around and smiled.

"Good-night, Brother Man," cried Phillip as he went out.

"Good-night, Christ's man," re-

plied his guest. And Phillip went to his rest that night, great questions throbbing in him and the demands of the Master more distinctly brought to his attention than ever.

Again, as before when he rose in the morning, Phillip found that his visitor was gone. His eccentric movements accounted for his sudden disappearances, but Phillip was disappointed. He wanted to see his guest again and question him about his history. He promised himself he would do so next time.

The following Sunday Phillip preached one of those sermons which come to a man once or twice in a whole ministry. It was the last Sunday of the month and not a special occasion. But there had surged into his thought the meaning of the Christian life with such uncontrollable power that his sermon reached hearts never before touched. He remained at the close of the service to talk with several young men, who seemed moved as never before. After they had gone away Phillip went into his own room back of the platform to get something he had left there, and to his surprise found the church sexton kneeling down by one of the chairs. As the minister came in the man rose and turned to him.

"Mr. Strong, I want to be a Christian. I want to join the church and lead a different life."

Phillip clasped the man's hand while tears rolled over his face. He stayed and talked with him and prayed with him, and when he finally went home the minister was convinced it was as strong and true a conversion as he had ever seen. He at once related the story to his wife, who had gone on home to get dinner.

"Why, Phillip," she exclaimed when he said the sexton wanted to be baptized and unite with the church at the next communion, "Calvary Church never will allow him to unite with us!"

"Why not?" asked Phillip, in amazement.

"Because he is a negro!" replied his wife.

Phillip stood a moment in silence with his hat in his hand, looking at his wife as she spoke.

THE OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Welcome, welcome with one voice!
In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers that have sent,
From isle and cape and continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine and primal wood;
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendours of the morning land,
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient island State,
And wherever her flag fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Makes the might of Britain known;
Britains, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore—
Britain fail'd; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin,
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone;
Britains, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!
Britons, hold your own!

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

In commemoration of the "Diamond Jubilee" of our gracious Sovereign we have endeavoured to give to this number of our loyal METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW a specially patriotic character.

Every consideration of chivalry, of love and loyalty should lead us to join in heartiest acclaim with our fellow-subjects of the world-wide British Empire in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the long and prosperous reign of our revered and honoured Queen. The occasion is perfectly unique in the history of the great nation of which we form a part. It is not without an element of the pathetic. Of the great statesmen who stood around her when Victoria ascended the throne not one remains. The friends of her youth and many of her riper years have passed away. It must be with a sad sense of isolation and loneliness that she looks upon the younger generation by whom she is surrounded.

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublesome times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official dignity, are calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was Sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people, than our revered and honoured widowed Queen. Of all the tributes to her character, none, we think, is nobler than that paid by the Laureate, over forty years ago, to which the passing years have only added emphasis and truth.

Revered, beloved,—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old. . .

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers ofyour blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say
"She wrought her people lasting good;
"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet,

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

But not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of extreme delicacy and difficulty how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathizing friend to his Royal consort; what a godly example to his household, to the nation, to the world! Let Tennyson again record his virtues:

We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction nor to that:
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot; for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Can we wonder that his untimely death left the world forever poorer to the sorrowing Queen; that the pageantry of State became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for well-nigh a score of years she wore unrelieved her widow's sombre weeds. Well might the Laureate say:

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

Yet even this touching fidelity to the dead has been construed into a fault by the mercenary instinct that considers a sovereign's chief duty to be to lead the fashions of the hour, to stimulate trade by royal pomp and splendours. The discharge of duties of State the nation has a right to expect, and these the Queen, with indefatigable zeal, has fulfilled with a devotion, a wisdom, a watchfulness, a firmness, a sympathy with her people, an appreciation of international relations and of the responsibilities of the times, that have commanded the approval of the shrewdest statesmen and the respect of foreign powers. The Queen has ever shown herself the friend of peace, and by her earnest remonstrance against war has not infrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the bereaved widows of President Lincoln and President Garfield smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents. Nor are her sympathies restricted to the great. They extend alike to the humblest of her subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick children in the hospitals, and in homes of want, her heart goes forth with loving sympathy, her private purse is opened in generous aid. These are truer claims to a nation's love than the material splendour of a Semiramis or a Zenobia. And that love has not been withheld. Upon no human being have ever been converged so many prayers, so many blessings and benedictions. Throughout the vast Empire that with its forty colonies engirdles the world, wherever prayer is wont to be made, go up petitions for England's Queen. In Australian mining camps, in far Canadian lumber shanties, in the remotest hamlets, and in the fishing villages that line almost every sea, the patriotic devotion of a loyal people finds utterance in the words, "God save the Queen!"

At this auspicious period, the completion of sixty years of a prosperous reign, it is eminently fitting that the nation should rejoice and bring its thank-offering unto God for the blessings so bounteously vouchsafed. For our gracious Sovereign we can offer no more fitting prayer than that voiced by the sweetest singer of her reign:

May all love,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
His love unseen but felt o'ershadow thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side at last.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."
—*Francis A. Kemble.*

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

The Great Seal of England.

Many people doubtless know that upon the accession of a new monarch to the throne of England a new Seal is struck, and the old one is cut into four pieces and deposited in the Tower of London. In former times the fragments of these great Seals were distributed among certain poor people of religious houses. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, the late Benjamin Wyon, R.A., the chief engraver of Her Majesty's Mint, designed the beautiful work of the present Great Seal of England. The details of the design are: obverse, an equestrian figure of the Queen attended by a page, Her Majesty wearing over a habit a flowing and sumptuous robe, and a colour of the Order of the Garter. In her right hand she bears the sceptre, and on her head is placed a regal tiara. The attendant page, with his bonnet in his hand, looks up to the Queen, who is gracefully restraining the impatient charger, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings. The legend "*Victoria Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor,*" is engraved in Gothic letters, the spaces between the words being filled with heraldic roses. The reverse side of the Seal shows the Queen, royally robed and

crowned, holding in her right hand the sceptre, and in her left the orb, seated upon a throne beneath a niched Gothic canopy; and on each side is a figure of Justice and Religion; and in the exergue the royal arms and crown, the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.

The Seal itself is a silver mould in two parts, technically called a pair of dies. When an impression is to be taken or cast, the parts are closed to receive the melted wax, which is poured through an opening at the top of the Seal. As each impression is attached to a document by a ribbon or slip of parchment, its ends are put into the Seal before the wax is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies the ribbon or parchment is neatly fixed to it.

The impression of the Seal is six inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch in thickness. The great Seals of England are interesting from their bearing portraits of the sovereigns, as in the Seals of Offa and Ethelwolf, and that of Edgar with a bust in profile. After William I. all the kings are on one side on horseback, the face turned to the right, except that of Charles I., which is turned to the left. Edward IV. first carries the close crown; Edward the Confessor and Henry I. and Henry II. are seated with the sword and dove. Wax was not uniformly used for Seals, as impressions occur in gold, silver and lead, also in various other substances. The colours have varied at different periods, but red seems to have been the most ancient.

CROWNED AND WEDDED.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I.

When last before her people's face her own fair face she bent,
Within the meek projection of that shade she was content
To erase the child-smile from her lips, which seemed as if it might
Be still kept holy from the world to childhood still in sight—
To erase it with a solemn vow,—a princely vow—to rule;
A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God the pitiful;
A very godlike vow—to rule in right and righteousness,
And with the law and for the land!—so God the vower bless!

II.

The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty aisled scene.
The priests stood stoled in their pomp, the sworded chiefs in theirs,
And so, the collared knights, and so, the civil ministers,
And so, the waiting lords and dames—and little pages best
At holding trains—and legates so, from countries east and west.
So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,
Along whose brows the Queen's, new crowned, flashed coronets to light.
And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty.
And so the DEAD—who lie in rows beneath the minster floor,
There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore;
The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be.
The courtier who for no fair Queen will rise up to his knee.
The court-dame who for no court-tire will leave her shroud behind.
The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to dust" can find.
The kings and queens who having made that vow and worn that crown,
Descended into lower thrones and darker, deep adown!
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?—what meaning can it have?
The King of kings, the right of death—God's judgment and the grave.
And when betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,
The living shouted "May she live! Victoria, live!" aloud.
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,
"The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned Queen!"

III.

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.
She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her childhood put away.
She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.
O, lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips become such vows,
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.
O, lovely lady!—let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!—
And though she be no less a Queen—with purples hung above,
The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground,
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness wait,
She vows to love who vowed to rule—(the chosen at her side)
Let none say, God preserve the Queen!—but rather, Bless the bride!
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream
Wherein no monarch but a wife, she to herself may seem.
Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh, breathe it inward low—
She is a *woman*, and *beloved*!—and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,
And true to truth and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,—
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind
Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

IV.

And now, upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings shall we pray?
None, straitened to a shallow crown, will suit our lips to-day.
Behold, they must free as love—they must be broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—and true hearts pray between,—
"The blessings happy PEASANTS have, be thine, O crownèd Queen!"

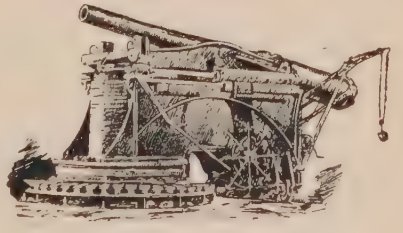
Recent Science.

Coast Defence.

About the most legitimate military expenditure that we know is that for defensive purposes. It is the insurance premium paid for the protection of great cities, which, in time of war, would offer inducements for pillage and plunder. The Prussian general, Blucher, when he beheld the vastness and wealth of the world's metropolis, London, exclaimed: "What a city for looting this would be!" International arbitration has made even coast defence much less necessary than it has often been thought.

Our engravings show some of the latest scientific applications for this purpose. Each of the guns is about twenty-three feet long, and weighs fourteen tons. Each is capable of throwing a three-hundred-pound shot eight miles. At a distance of four miles the shot would penetrate nine inches of the hardest steel.

But the peculiar merit of these great rifles is the fact that they are mounted on "disappearing" carriages. When the gun is fired the force of the recoil throws it back till it is no longer in balance; both gun and carriage then fall merely by the



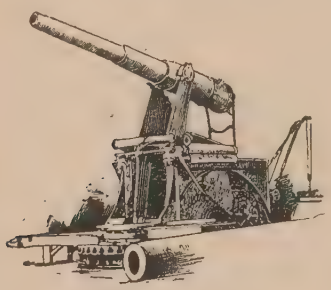
GUN IN THE TRENCH.

force of gravity, till they are entirely concealed, leaving an enemy nothing to bombard but a barren hillside.

To prevent the great weight of the gun from falling back with a shock, a cylinder-and-piston arrangement is attached to each side of the carriage. This checks the force of the fall just as a cylinder-and-piston attachment at the top of a door with a heavy spring prevents the door from slamming. The cylinder on the door-frame contains nothing but air, but the cylinders on the gun carriage are filled with oil.

The rifles are mounted in a great semi-circular trench twenty-five feet deep, paved with concrete. In front of them is a wall of concrete twenty-five feet thick, and in front of that again is an earth embankment from twenty-five to forty feet thick.

Behind this friendly barrier, and below the level of its upper edge, the great gun is loaded in safety. Ingenious mechanical devices enable the men to handle the monster—to load and move and direct it—as easily as if it were a child's toy.



GUN IN POSITION.

A lift attached to the gun itself raises the three-hundred-pound shell, the gunners push it into the breech, follow it with two fifty-pound bags of powder, attach the primer and adjust the lanyard. The machinery is set in motion, and the gun slowly rises till it clears the top of the embankment and sweeps the bay.

There is no necessity for a pause, even to take aim. The gun has been sighted before it was raised to the firing position. The lanyard is pulled, there is a roar that can be heard twenty miles, the great gun settles gracefully back, and the gunners are already putting in a second charge while the officers watch through their field-glasses for the effect of the first shot, far down the bay.

The aiming of the gun before it is raised to the firing position is accomplished by the range-finder, an ingenious device which determines the distance of the target. As experiments have shown just how much a projectile will "drop" in travelling a given distance, the angle of elevation at which the gun must be discharged is easily determined. The carriage is so constructed that before it rises it can be set to leave the gun poised at the desired angle.

Melted Snow Power.

Besides a considerable number of large water power installations Switzerland is full of small power plants, nearly every town in that land of mountains and waterfalls being supplied with power from the "white coal," as the melting snow on the mountain sides has well been called. When there are no large streams, many small ones are impounded and collected in reservoirs on the hillsides, and it is rare to find a place of any size which is not well lighted by the power of some mountain stream.

At Montreux the electric tramway gets its power in this way, and from the old Roman town of Vevey to the mediæval castle of Chillon one may ride in a trolley car propelled by the power of an insignificant little stream which may or may not be noticed when climbing up the hillsides just above.

The capabilities of this general utilization of natural power are beginning to be understood everywhere, and, with the appreciation of the possibilities of the best methods of long distance transmission, the development of many mountain streams must surely come. There are innumerable streams, which, while very small, are yet very high, and these can with comparatively little difficulty be impounded and carried down many hundreds of feet, thus making up for their lack of volume by the great pressure readily obtainable, and, either by the use of electricity or compressed air, the power may be transmitted to many points of application with but little loss. —*Cassier's Magazine.*

Quite a novel method is adopted to convey passengers to the baths known as Bad Reichenhall at the top of the Hochstauffen Mountain in the Austrian Alps. A balloon is made to glide along a track up the mountain slope. A trailer with many wheels clasps the wooden road-bed and to this the passenger car is attached. Between the operator who sits in the car and the balloon a cord swings by which the gas is regulated. Brakes and safety devices provide against accident. The gas tank and generator are at the mountain foot where the

balloon is charged for the ascent. For the return a portion of the gas is released, the rest being retained to check a too rapid descent.

Glass Bricks.

Talconnier's blown glass bricks are very light and strong. "They are, in fact, hollow chambers, so shaped as to facilitate their being put together like other building blocks, and are laid so as to present an ornamental appearance. The bricks fill successfully the part of double windows with an air-chamber incased in a double glass wall, and they are consequently an efficient preservation against cold as well as against heat, and good insulators of dampness and noise. The bricks are hermetically sealed while yet hot, thereby preventing foreign substances or dust from soiling the interior, and they are then annealed to increase their powers of resistance. The glass bricks, it is said, are used with good results in the construction of greenhouses and conservatories, as they retain the stored heat for a long time ; consequently a considerable economy of fuel is realized."

A Telescope a Hundred Feet Wide.

The object-glass of the Lick telescope measures thirty-nine inches in diameter. According to *Ciel et Terre*, a Mr. Gathman, of Chicago, proposes to construct one with a diameter of one hundred feet ! The principle on which the new object-glass is to be made is altogether different from that which governs the construction of the lenses now in use. Mr. Gathman's object-glass is formed by combining numerous small lenses whose shape and clearness can be brought to the last degree of perfection. Of course a large object-glass formed thus by juxtaposition of small lenses would cost much less and be very much easier to make than an object-glass of similar dimensions shaped in a single piece from a mass of glass of uniform purity. So the object-glass proposed by Mr. Gathman will cost but $50,000, while that of the Lick Observatory cost $200,000. It remains to know whether a large object-glass thus made will fulfil its duty in respect to the definition of its images. Mr. Gathman has made an object-glass seven feet in diameter, composed of thirteen small lenses, and it seems that the images that he has obtained are more satisfactory than those given by an objective of thirteen inches. If this is so, the invention of Mr. Gathman will mark a considerable progress in the optician's art.

Rome, the "city of the seven hills," city of Peter and of Cæsar, is again invaded, this time by the ubiquitous trolley car. It runs from the main railway station to the centre of the city.

Sir Walter Scott hooted the idea of "sending light through street pipes" and "lighting London by smoke." His own house was subsequently lighted with this same "smoke."

What is said to be the smallest electric light installation in the world is to be found in the village of Bremen, Thuringia. It comprises a single arc lamp installed in a church, the lamp being operated by a small dynamo driven by the wheel of the village mill.

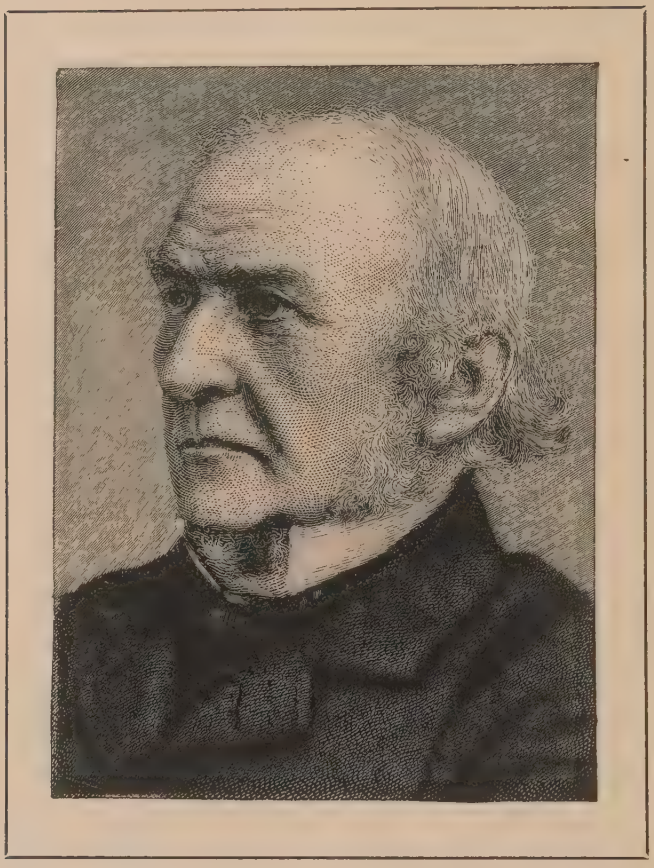
THE TRUCE OF GOD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Blow, trumpets, blow heaven-high your swelling strain,
  You, who, indeed, shall blow for war no more ;
  Rampart to rampart down the Atlantic shore !
Sound from old Crown Point and along Champlain,
And sound where Marion's men fell fierce and fain !
  Where shook the wilderness with your uproar,
  Wherever valour gave you breath to pour,
Blow now your mighty music out amain !

And over Flodden Field and Marston Moor,
  Where Wolfe's, where Clive's, where Marlborough's clarions wound,
    Call, you great trumpets overseas, nor cease !
While the dear Mother Land and we endure,
  While day breaks over Honour's camping-ground,
    Blow the long reveille of termless peace !

GLADSTONE'S TRUMPET CALL.



FOUR TIMES THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTER.

One of the most conspicuous features of the Queen's long reign is that she has four times had as her first minister one of the noblest and most honoured statesmen the world has ever known. Even in his old age and retirement his word outweighs that of many kings and potentates. His late letter to the Duke of Westminster has called forth the warmest commendation of English and American papers.

The New York *Tribune* says: "The sentences sound not like the voice of a politic statesman seeking the advantage of his own country or striving to keep the peace among the Powers, but rather like that of a seer to whom all things are vanity save eternal truth. It is addressed to the conscience; it must be answered by the soul."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says: "He who stands on the eternal right stands not alone, though alone he stands, for with him is the Unseen, and under him are the Everlasting Arms. There stands William E. Gladstone to-day, with his hands outstretched toward Crete and with his face upturned toward God. As thus he stands, the prophet, the psalmist, the evangel, the philosopher, the statesman, the reformer, the liberator, and the philanthropist, which he is, all stir in him and find voice in him and theme in his cause. By him have been spoken the words which can never be recalled and which can never be confuted. By him have been formulated the moral rights, and by him have been loosed the moral energies whereof the world had need to take notice."

The New York *Independent* makes this the subject of a noble eulogy, from which we quote as follows :

"In his latest eve of life, in his physical infirmity, in his retirement, the voice of Gladstone sounds stronger and clearer than the total voice of Europe beside. Wordsworth sang :

" ' Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee . . .
We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.'

"But the soul of Milton revives in Gladstone. In his old age Gladstone makes of a plain letter to a friend such a thing of power as was the sonnet to the blind Puritan poet :

" ' When a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few ! '

"Such trumpet tones as Gladstone sounds in his letter to the Duke of Westminster England has hardly heard since Milton prayed :

" ' Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ! '

"We are glad to give space to Gladstone's full letter. We would make room for it at the expense of every other writer that uses the English speech. There is not another one that commands his majesty of utterance.

"How small the world of common statesmen looks beside Gladstone ! It is not that he has had an experience of public life and power paralleled by that of no other man ; nor is it that his ninth decade preserves a matchless intellectual virility and versatility, but it is that he speaks as if he stood on Sinai, and were the mouthpiece of God. Behind his words stands the record of a transparent public life, tested before the world for two generations ; and no man can point to one word or one act that was not dictated by a sense of duty. Truth, justice and liberty have been his law. Others might swerve or bend ; he knew not how ; one of those

" ' Blest souls, without reproach or blot,
Who do Thy will and know it not ; '

who follow the straight path of right, not by careful intention, but by the force of high nature ; who not only do the right, but who cannot do aught else. When, therefore, some great need compels him to break the gracious silence of age, he utters the total verdict of the world's awakened conscience, and no man can say him nay.

"What an arraignment is his of the nations ! Beside him how small look the two childish Emperors whose fear of freedom and whose insane spite are silencing the free voice of suffering Crete ! Before his bar how contemptible stand the four Powers whose servile feet follow the cruel lead of Russia and Germany ! There he shows us the Great Assassin, beside a sea of blood of a hundred thousand Christian men—blood yet unavenged—and this Assassin's tottering steps tenderly supported by these six Christian Powers as he reaches forward to slay fresh victims. Then he shows us the impotence of this boasted 'concert of the Powers' for any good purpose, and its potency only for wrong and oppression. Then he exposes the pretence that it is necessary to maintain the integrity of Turkey, and shows how in Europe alone, during these seventy years, Greece, Rumania, Servia, Montenegro and Bulgaria, with eighteen million people, have been successively freed from the degrading yoke of Turkish servitude ; and do we still pretend that we cannot violate that 'integrity of Turkey,' which has been violated every ten years, and each time to the incalculable benefit of the people ? Shall Great Britain hold to a concert of the Powers for such a cause as this, to serve a cruel purpose to maintain the Assassin and crush liberty ?

"We fervently pray that this voice of England's conscience may be heard and obeyed. Would that England might deserve such an encomium as Mr. Gladstone gives to little Greece, 'a David facing six Goliaths,' whose sole action thus far has made it sure that Crete will not be handed back to Turkish tyranny. 'I can remember,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'no case in which so small a State has conferred so great a benefit.' "

" The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

" The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

—*Francis W. Bourdillon.*

The World's Progress.

OUTSIDE THE COURT.

P.C. JOHN BULL: "No, it is not settled yet, except that you've to go."
TURKEY: Please, sir, mayn't I stay on as a policeman?"
—*The Westminster Gazette, London.*

The War Cloud of Europe.

The Great Powers of Europe have received very severe criticism for their attempt to suppress the insurrection in Crete, and the plucky little kingdom of Greece has won general sympathy by its reckless dash and daring in playing the part of David against the Goliath of united Europe. But there is another side to the question. It is an invidious thing for a big, burly policeman to have to arrest the obstreperous small boy who is disturbing the general peace. General sympathy may be with the small boy, but he may need suppression and correction all the same, to prevent his embroiling the whole neighbourhood. Italy sides strongly with Greece, but an Italian paper says: "It is very funny that the International Peace Society does not approve of the conduct of Europe in carrying out its own views. It has always been demanded that arbitration be substituted for war, and to-day the European states are combining to prevent war."

If the Powers, as affirmed, will give Crete autonomy under Prince Waldemar of Denmark, it is pretty evident it is not from chivalry but from selfishness that Greece insists on fighting. They may be lawless bandit-patriots who have invaded Macedonia, but Greece has evidently winked pretty hard at the invasion. If Greece is allowed to seize Crete without the sanction of the Powers, what is to restrain Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and the Great Powers from the game of grab, which would precipitate that direst disaster of the century, a general European war.

An acute French writer, Pressensè, in the *Nineteenth Century*, strongly defends the action of the Powers in preventing the spread of the conflagration when so much gunpowder is lying around. He calls attention to the fact that the massacres in Greece which caused the outbreak have not been *of* but *by* so-called Christians, not *by* but *of* Mohammedans.

Mr. W. T. Stead regards the armed intervention of the Powers as the most

hopeful augury of perpetual peace. "If there is one principle which needs to be kept perpetually before the eyes of mankind, it is that the only road to peace lies, not in the disuse of force, but in the elimination of all right to appeal to the sword on the part of any unit smaller than that of federated humanity. Out of all the weltering chaos of anarchical militarism we have emerged, not by forswearing the use of force, but by aggregating all forces into the hands of the central government."

So the concert of the Powers he considers a prophecy of the federated United States of Europe for the supression of war. This gives promise, too, of the coercion of the Sultan and the reorganization of Turkey, and the relief of Europe from that chronic nightmare, the Eastern Question. But the pity of it is, that these Powers, so jealous now for the protection of the Turk, have been so impotent for the last two years for the protection of the hapless Armenians against the most ruthless slaughter of the Christian centuries.

Arbitration.

This concerted action of the Powers, it seems to us, is a brighter omen of the substitution of arbitration for war than the petty quirks and quibbles of the American Senate, which has eviscerated the Arbitration Treaty and made it scarce worth the paper on which it was written. At all events, Great Britain has shown an earnest desire for peace, and upon the American Senate will recoil the shame and disgrace which the American press largely express for this frustration of one of the brightest hopes of the century.

If Mgr. Merry del Val, the Papal Ablegate, came to Canada to settle the Manitoba school question, he came too late. That question is already settled, and if it were not, the free province of Manitoba would not submit to have it settled by any papal envoy.

The munificent generosity of Great Britain and her forty colonies towards the stricken British dependency of India has demonstrated a new aspect of the unity of the Empire. The generous sympathy of the United States has also added a new tie of fellowship and goodwill with our kinsmen beyond the line that will be remembered when the jealousy of hostile tariffs shall be forgotten.

The high-handed proceedings of the so-called Republic of the Transvaal in muzzling the high courts of the State and gagging its press, but serve to emphasize its incapacity to conceive the very principles of civil liberty. The Government is an oligarchy as tyrannous in spirit as ever was the Council of Ten of Venice, or the Vehmgerechte of mediæval Germany.

The protracted revolts in Cuba and the Philippines are exhausting the strength of Spain and ruining the commerce of the colonies. The Latin races seem incapable of the successful colonization whereby the Anglo-Saxon peoples have so subdued wide realms to civilization and filled the world with their renown.

The Metropolitan Silver Jubilee.

That was a very significant series of services held in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the erection of the Metropolitan church. Next to City Road Chapel, London, there is, perhaps, no church in Methodism more widely known. Its erection was the beginning of a new era in church building in Canada. It is, in large degree, a monument to the energy and eloquence of the Rev. William Morley Punshon. It is, within and without, one of the most beautiful specimens of church architecture in Methodism, and its position in the Metropolitan Square is not rivalled by that of any church that we know in the world.

Few churches have been more liberal than this. In a quarter of a century it has raised an aggregate of nearly half a million dollars. It has been a great centre of religious influence which has reached all parts of this land. Many have gone up from its congregation to enrich the skies, and many sacred and hallowed associations invest its walls.

The sermon by Dr. Carman, our beloved General Superintendent, at the Anniversary, was, for sweep of thought, for spiritual power and eloquence, one of the grandest sermons to which we have ever listened. Chancellor Day's discourses were also worthy of the occasion. The evenings of reminiscences and outlook were of special interest, and the congregation expressed its sympathy by raising the sum of nearly six thousand dollars to reduce the debt.

Book Notices.

The Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Sarah A. Tooley. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.25.

One effect of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee is to launch a fleet of books and booklets on the sea of literature, some of which may float for a time, but most of which will soon sink and be forgotten. An exception to this, however, is the volume under review. For interest of subject-matter, and elegance of production, it is one of the few that will possess permanent value. The writer had special sources of information as to the home life of the Queen, much of it derived from those personally acquainted with Her Majesty, who had the opportunity for observing the attractiveness and dignity of her character in private. An unsuspected vein of humour and vivacity is indicated, as well as strength of moral character that is very delightful to notice.

Fifty years ago duelling in Great Britain had somewhat the prestige which it possesses in Germany to-day. But the Queen and Prince Consort put an end to this barbarous custom. It was the Queen who set the vogue which has been followed by society women for association with objects of philanthropy and good works, also for the purification of public and domestic life. She also largely led the way to the adoption of that out-of-door life which has become so much the fashion of recent times. The Queen, we learn, had such a dislike for the smell of cigars and tobacco that smoking has been for many years prohibited in Windsor Castle, a restriction in which the Prince Consort fully concurred. Cards requesting that gentlemen would not smoke were neatly framed and hung in the rooms of the Lords-in-Waiting and Equerries of the royal suite, and the servants and workpeople were forbidden to smoke inside the castle.

The Queen has given much attention to music, and has been herself an accomplished pianist, and specially fond of good music. Her skill with pencil and etching needle are well known, and her good taste as art critic. This book is issued by Hodder & Stoughton in elegant style, with numerous portraits of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family.

The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Cambridge Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Octavo, gilt top. Price, $2.00.

Dr. Holmes' distinguished reputation as a prose writer, novelist, critic, and essayist has, to some degree, obscured his merit as a writer of verse. Moreover, his reputation as humourist makes it difficult at times to take him seriously. Yet the serious, pathetic, and stirring patriotic poems of this volume far outnumber the humorous ones. The latter, of course, are very funny and stick like burrs in the memory. "The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay," the "Stethoscope" song, and "*Nux Postcœnatica*" are very funny. The blending of science and humour is unique, as in the following:

"I was sitting with my microscope, upon my parlour rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug;
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many."

The following tribute to the medical profession should endear Dr. Holmes forever to every lover of his kind:

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our Glory is to Slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our Duty is to Save."

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,

While valour's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the throne.

The poems in "War Time" reveal an intense moral earnestness bursting through his light humour and persiflage, as lava through Ætna's vine-clad slopes. See "A Puritan War Song."

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching south to Canaan
To battle for the Lord?
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

See, also, "Thus Saith the Lord."

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet unsilvered brow,
If heaven should lose and hell should win,
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,
That cries aloud, It might have been
God calls you—answer *now*.

"A Mother's Secret, a Legend of the Virgin Mary," and some narrative poems reveal a tender pathos which is seen to perfection in the immortal "Last Leaf."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

But the finest of the Autocrat's poems, we think, is that on "The Chambered Nautilus," the following verse of which Dr. Holmes, in his last visit to England, wrote in the album of the Princess of Wales:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

No man was more often in request for writing occasional verses, birthday and anniversary poems, college and class poems, songs of welcome and farewell and memorial lines, than Dr. Holmes, and no man ever did it better. They had not the stately dignity of Longfellow's or Lowell's, but they have the light and delicate touch and sparkling epigram which made them ideal after-dinner recitation.

The publishers have made this book—in readable type, excellent press work, careful editing and introduction, steel etched portrait and vignette—an ideal volume.

At Minas Basin and Other Poems. By Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.00.

We spent a very delightful evening in reading the manuscript of this book. We regard it as one of the strongest and tenderest volumes of verse which has appeared in Canada. We do not know what it is that makes the Maritime Provinces such a nest of singing birds. The Roberts family, Bliss Carman, Dr. Rand, and others, have found there their inspiration, and described in exquisite verse its noble scenery. They have made the Basin of Minas, Blomidon, the swirling tides of the Bay of Fundy, the diked meadows of Tantramar and Grand Pré classic forever. The following sonnet is a type of many which celebrate the scenes which Longfellow has invested with the

"Light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

At Minas Basin.

About the buried feet of Blomidon,
Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green,
The tides of Minas swirl,—their veiled queen
Fleet-oared from far by galleys of the sun.
The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!
The blue air winks with life like beaded wine!—
Storied of Glooscap, of Evangeline—
Each to the setting sun this sea did sail.
Opulent day has poured its living gold
Till all the west is belt with crimson bars,
Now darkness lights its silver moon and stars,—
The festal beauty of the world new-old,
Facing the dawn, in vigil that ne'er sleeps,
The sphinx the secret of the Basin keeps.

There is an earnest moral purpose and deep religious spirit in many of Dr. Rand's poems, as in the fine sonnet on "Arbitration" which we recently quoted, and in the poem "To W." which strikes

us as as fine in its philosophical spirit as Tennyson's "Two Voices." His "Easter Idyll" is also very touching, as is the tender story of "Nora Lee."

The Breath of God: A Sketch of the Doctrine of Inspiration. By the Rev. Frank Hallam. Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York. 12mo, cloth. Price, 75c.

This is another of the many books which owe their birth to the newer criticism. Mr. Hallam here gives us an historical review of the doctrine of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. After an interesting treatment of the different theories of inspiration, which have been held by various schools of thought within the Church, he reaches the conclusion that these theories may be reduced to two—the traditional and inductive. He pronounces in favour of the inductive as the one tenable theory.

Our author accepts many of the conclusions of the advanced school of Biblical critics; indeed, in our judgment, he admits as proved more than the facts warrant. This does not, however, weaken his attachment to and reverence for the Sacred Volume, which he regards as "an infallible guide to life and righteousness, to immortality and eternal joy."

Mr. Hallam's style is pleasing and popular. Indeed, he has not written a scholar's book, but gives the general reader a view of the situation in reference to the proper sphere and authority of the Bible, from the standpoint of one whose sympathies are manifestly with the moderately radical findings of modern criticism. S. P. R.

Literary Landmarks of Rome. By Laurence Hutton. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.

Few places in the world have so many literary associations as the Eternal City. Apart from its classic and mediæval writers it has been a favourite place of sojourn of the poets, novelists, historians, and artists of every land. In this little book Laurence Hutton recalls the manifold associations of this "land of all men's past" in a very graphic manner.

It lends marvellous interest to the picturesque Spanish Stairs, still the haunt of artists' models, to know that in the house on the left Shelley lived, and in that on the right Keats died. Amid the ruins of the Forum the genius of Cicero lives again, and in the picturesque environment of Rome the spell of Horace and of Virgil is felt once more. The haunts of Dante, of "the starry Galileo with his woes," of Tasso and Petrarch, have an undying interest. No footprints are better known than those of Martin Luther. We follow him from the Augustine Convent to Pilate's Stair, where, toiling up painfully upon his knees, he felt the soul-emancipating message, "The just shall live by faith," and the Reformation was begun. Other more recent memories are those of Milton and Montaigne, of Goethe and Byron, the Brownings, Longfellow and Lowell, Scott and Storey, Thackeray and Dickens. The beautiful illustrations of Keats' and Shelley's graves, the house of Andersen, and "Hilda's Tower," Tasso's garden, the Forum, etc., enhance the value of this elegant little book.

Tobias Smollett. By Oliphant Smeaton. "Famous Scots" Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

A very different character from such "Famous Scots" as Carlyle, Hugh Miller, John Knox, Thomas Chalmers, in the preceding numbers of this series, is the unfortunate subject of the present memoir. Smollett in his youth saw hard service as a surgeon's assistant in the British navy, of which he gives very graphic pictures in his sea novels. It is little over a hundred years ago since he died, but he seems to have lived in another world than ours. Smollett's great literary work was his histories of England, France, Italy, and Germany. From these he derived considerable income, but was hampered by debts and lawsuits to pay the costs of which he had to borrow money at sixty per cent. But his novels, history, and his poetry are now out of date, and his life story is that of a typical Grub Street publisher's hack which we read with mingled pity and blame.

"The world is wide in time and tide,
And God is guide; then do not hurry.
That man is blest who does his best
And leaves the rest; then do not worry."
—*Dr. Deems.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Rev. Marshall Hartley, one of the General Secretaries, and also Secretary of Conference, is to visit the missions in Ceylon and the principal missions in India, and also in China, between the Conferences of 1897 and 1898.

Rev. George Lowe describes an encouraging work at Johannesburg, South Africa. One Sabbath the natives, without help from others, contributed $370 towards the cost of a new church. At one of the services fully 1,000 natives were present, "representing every principal tribe from Capetown to beyond the Zambesi."

Increased attention is being paid to the local preachers, who supply hundreds of pulpits on Sabbath days in England. Not only is there a fund provided to aid those who are in needy circumstances, but facility is afforded them in respect to their studies. More than 400 of these useful servants of the Church recently underwent a Connexional examination in respect to the course of study provided by the Conference.

The accumulated debt on the Leys School, Cambridge, is very near $300,000. Sir G. H. Chubb, and other friends, have resolved to make a vigorous effort to reduce this incubus. A wealthy friend has promised $25,000, providing that $125,000 is raised.

A great effort is being made on behalf of Methodist soldiers and sailors. It is intended to raise some thousands of pounds to provide homes in various parts of the United Kingdom, as well as in some of the colonies. This will be a Methodist memorial of the Queen's long reign.

There are said to be over 30,000 Kafir members in the South African mission, and they are all abstainers from intoxicating liquor.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Thoburn says that the famine in India is increasing; eight millions are suffering and there are 80,000 orphans to be cared for.

The foreign missions are in Germany, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, and Finland; in Bulgaria, Mexico, South America, and Italy; and in the heathen and non-Christian countries of Africa, India, Malaysia, China, Japan and Corea. For all these the Missionary Society expended last year $569,372.84.

In 1873, the mission was opened in Mexico, and now there are 600 congregations, 192 foreign and 585 native workers, over 7,000 scholars in the day-schools, nearly 10,000 in the Sunday-schools, with a Protestant community of over 60,000 souls. Ten small publishing houses are turning out millions of pages each year. The Church property is valued at nearly a million and a quarter dollars. Let it be remembered that for nearly three hundred years the country was governed by a clerical misrule without a parallel on earth.

The *Michigan Advocate* states that, from the reports published in seven papers, 10,176 conversions took place in 197 churches.

Another contemporary says: "Last year three thousand joined our Church on probation every Sunday in the year. This is Pentecost every week." The fact is wonderful.

The American University has received $55,000 from a donor who withholds his name.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Methodists of Nashville have declined to participate in the Centennial Exposition, or have the Church represented, because of the arrangement to sell liquors on the grounds.

Dr. Palmer, of the Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered a lecture on missions, at Roanoke, Va., during the sessions of the Conference of the Southern Church.

Primitive Methodist.

Dr. Hatherley has been accepted as a medical missionary to Central Africa. Two other ministers have volunteered for mission work in Africa.

The attendance at Elmfield College is so large that it has been resolved to enlarge the building at an expense of $10.000.

The Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, London, has come into the hands of the

Primitive Methodists for the sum of $40,000, though the cost was $90,000.

The Connexion owns 4,725 churches which seat a million people. The cost of the whole was $18,100,320, and the liabilities slightly exceed $5,000,000.

Rev. Joseph Johnson has been invited to remain at Stoke Newington for the tenth year.

The vote has been taken on Methodist union in Australia, which showed that out of a total membership of 44,500, 30,000 voted in favour, with 6,500 against, and 8,000 not voting.

The Methodist Church.

Among the students attending Victoria College is an Indian from Rice Lake, whose name is Pash-a-geezh-ik. He belongs to the Chippewas, and has spent some time in the Indian schools, and is now taking his second and third years' work in theology, intending to labour in the ministry among his people.

In addition to the above there is a young man from Japan, whom it is hoped will become a useful missionary among his own people in the Empire of the Rising Sun. His name is Mitzutaro Takagi.

There is a Persian student, Mr. Yusef, from Oroomiah, a bright, intelligent young fellow.

There is also, at McMaster Hall, an Armenian youth, by the name of Mr. Mesrob Baghdasarian. His father is an Armenian lawyer, a refugee. He is a good student.

Dr. Potts has been appointed Chairman of the International Sunday-School Lesson Committee. Canada, and Methodism in particular, is honoured in the appointment.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. J. Van Wyck, B.A., President of Hamilton Conference, and pastor of the Gore Street Church, was called to his reward on the evening of the 8th of April. He had only been ill ten days. Bro. Van Wyck was greatly beloved both by his brethren in the ministry and the people generally. While he was always independent in his views, he was at the same time courteous and kind towards the opinions of others.

He entered the ministry in 1868, first in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which denomination he travelled until the union. In all his circuits he was useful. He sought the spiritual welfare of his people, and had many seals to his ministry.

Important circuits were glad to secure his services. Only a few weeks ago he received a call to Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, and was anticipating a successful term of service, but the Master has called him higher. A widow and two children survive him.

Rev. James E. Clapham, Wesleyan minister, aged 54, has finished his course. His death was a great loss. For several years he took an active part in evangelistic movements, and since 1885 he was General Secretary of the Home Mission and Contingent Fund, in connection with which he performed Herculean labours.

Erratum.—In the issue for April, page 392, inside column, sixteenth line from top, for "step-daughter" please read "second daughter."

TO OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

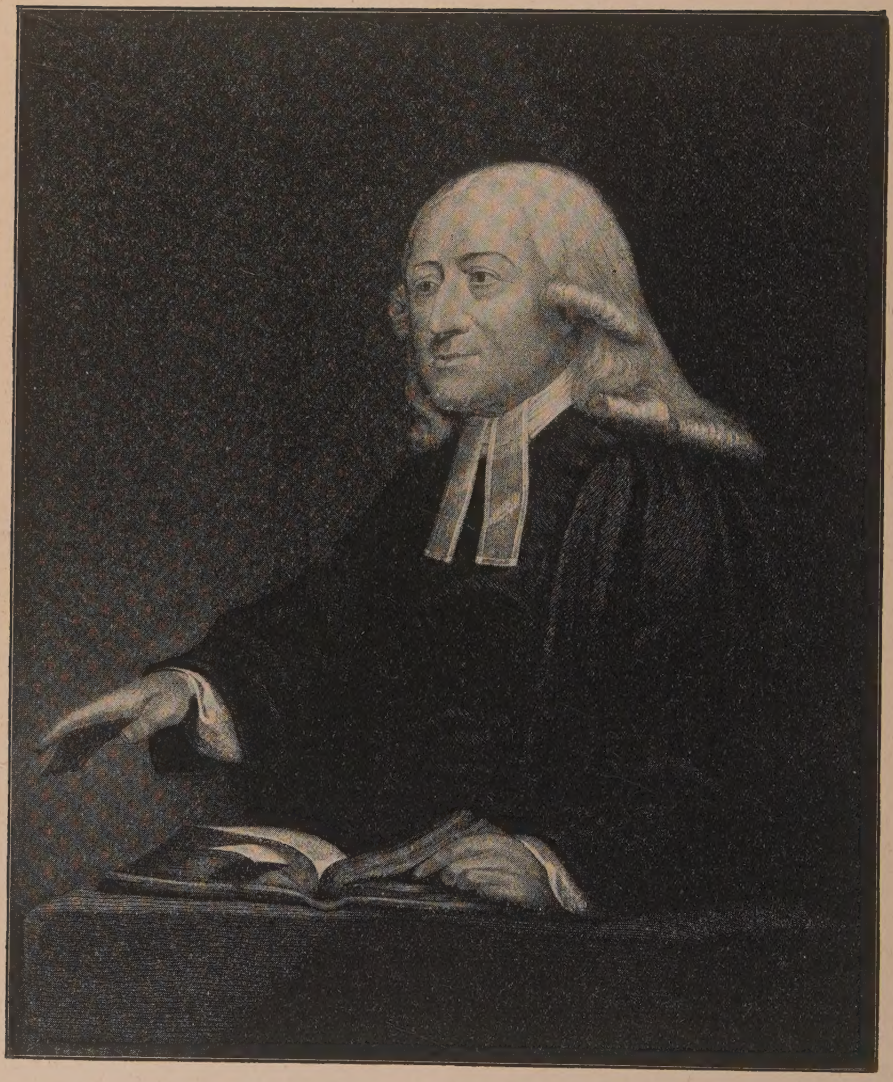
Queen, that from spring to autumn of thy reign,
Hast taught thy people how 'tis queenlier far,
Than any golden pomp of peace or war,
Simply to be a woman without stain!
Queen whom we love, who lovest us again!
We pray that yonder, by thy wild Braemar,
The lord of many legions, the White Czar,
At this red hour, hath tarried not in vain.

We dream that from thy words, perhaps thy tears,
Ev'n in the King's inscrutable heart shall grow
Harvest of succour, weal, and gentler days!
So shall thy lofty name to latest years
Still loftier sound, and ever sweetlier blow
The rose of thy imperishable praise.

—*William Watson.*

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That, of all mankind, I cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him thro' heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."



JOHN WESLEY.